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*R. Clapton*

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PERCY,

OR

THE FRIENDS.

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*Five Shillings in Boards.*





W.C. &  
**PERCY,**

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~~London~~ OR ~~Printed~~

**THE FRIENDS,**

NOVEL.

—  
“What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,  
“The soul’s calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,  
“Is virtue’s prize.”

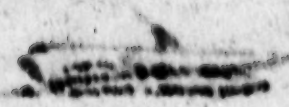
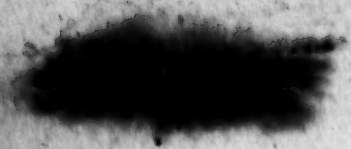
*POPE’S Essay on Man.*

—  
**Salisbury:**

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—  
1797.



TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
*COUNTESS OF OXFORD.*

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MY DEAR MADAM,

**T**HE friendship and confidence which has ever subsisted between us, suggested to me the idea of addressing to your Ladyship the following sheets.

Your wonted candour I am sensible will incline you to overlook the errors, as my motives for sending such a work into the world are neither unknown to you, or disapproved.

I need not to your Ladyship make an apology for its brevity, as you too well know that the severe affliction I experienced was the occasion of it.

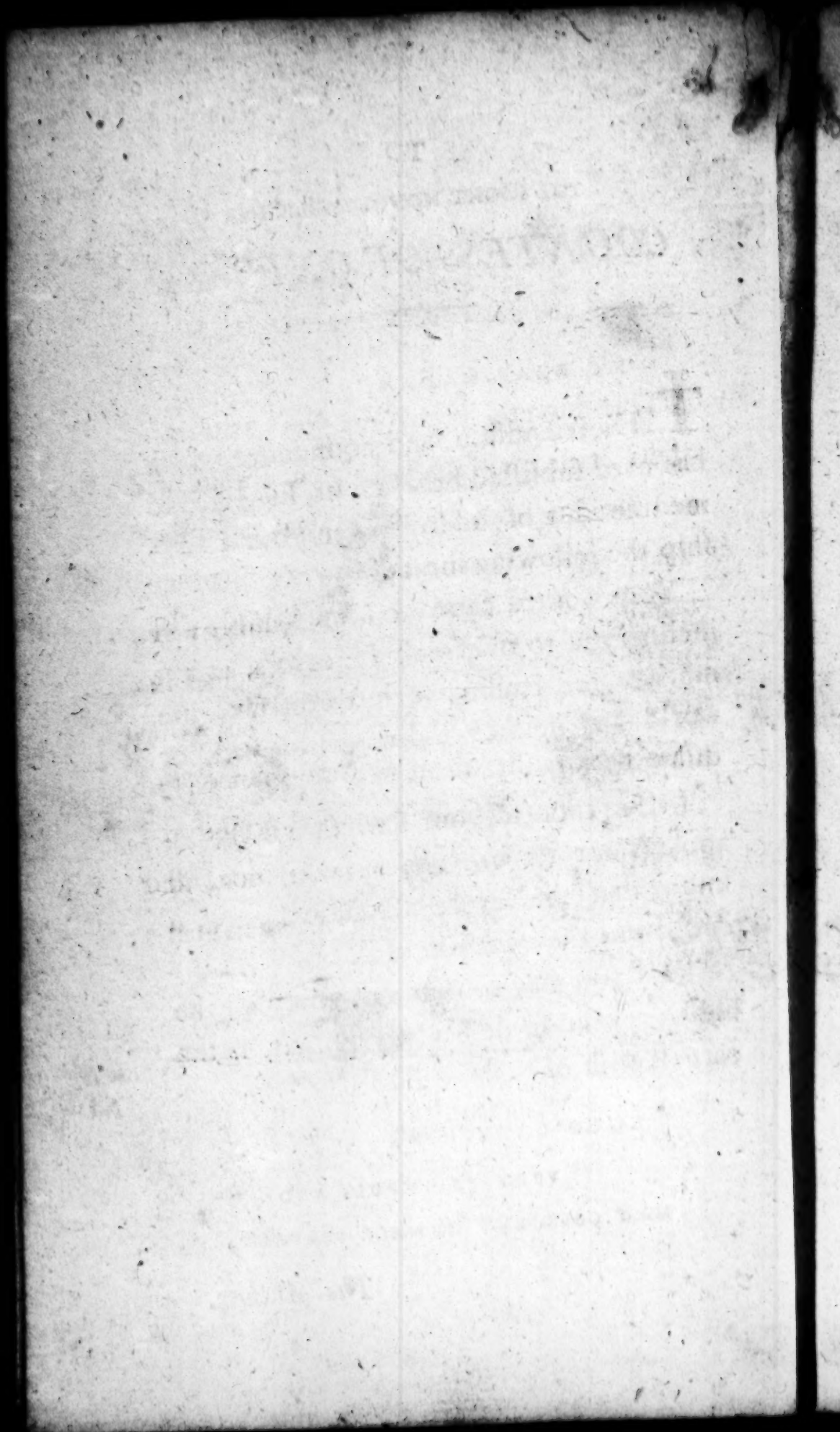
That you may continue to enjoy all the blessings you so deservedly possess, is the earnest wish of

• YOUR LADYSHIP'S

VERY FAITHFUL, AND

MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

*The Author.*





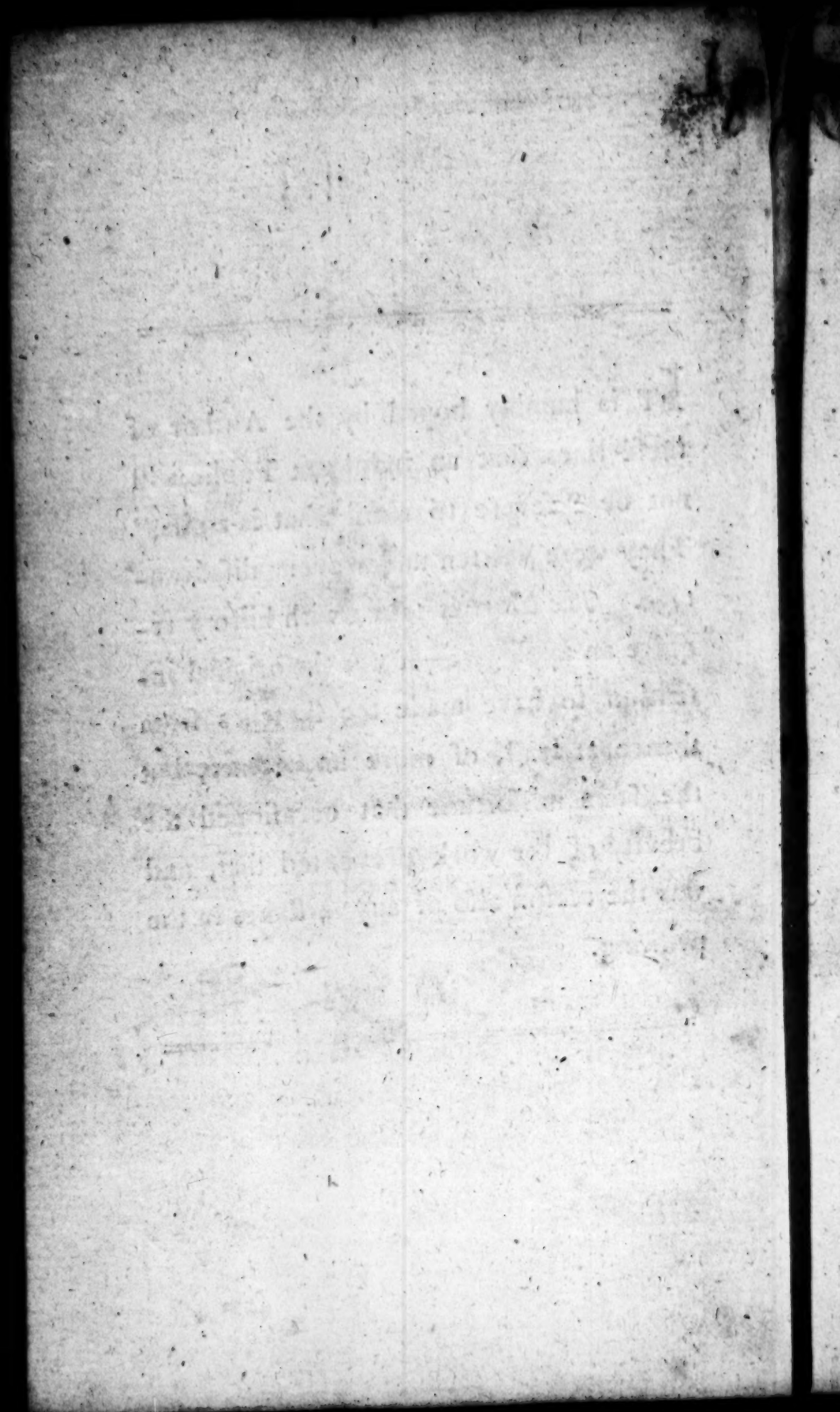
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IT is humbly hoped by the Author of these lines that an indulgent Public will not be "severe to mark what is amiss." They were written under every disadvantage. *The liberties*, taken with history require an apology :—it was the original intention to have made the sketches from thence at least, of more importance, but the same misfortune that occasioned the brevity of the work prevented that, and was the reason also of any mistakes in the printing.

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# PERCY.

## CHAPTER I.

**SIR ALBERT PERCY** was in the twenty-third year of his age, when he succeeded to his Father's estates in the western parts of this kingdom. As he was descended from an ancient, and most respectable family, inheriting great riches, blessed with superior abilities, with free, easy, and engaging manners, it is no wonder that he was a favorite at the Court of Elizabeth, and that he drew the admiration, and possessed the esteem of all who knew him.



He was particularly distinguished by the famous Earl of Essex, with whom, though he was considerably younger, he had formed the greatest friendship, and it was not in the power of malice, or misfortune, ever to interrupt it, until the fatal period which ended in the Earl's death. There was something in their dispositions perfectly congenial; they had the same pursuits, were attached to the same men; in a word, (excepting a few foibles which we must ascribe to Essex) no two persons could more resemble each other.

He began very early to discover talents for war, and distinguished himself most bravely with Essex in his depredations upon Spain. Vigorous, and indefatigable, he would soon have taken the lead in the profession of arms, had not the ill fate of his friend given a turn to his affairs, and so much disgusted him with the Court, that he took the earliest opportunity of withdrawing from it: fortunately Sir Albert was abroad during the disgrace which attended



attended Essex, or it is likely he would have been involved at once in the cause and ruin of his friend. He returned to England just time enough to hear the sentence that had passed, and flew to Lambeth Palace, (the place of his confinement) and supplicated Essex, by making submission to his Sovereign, to endeavour to save a life so valuable. He at length yielded to his intreaties, and delivered to Lady Nottingham the ring, which Elizabeth had presented in the height of his favor, and with it an assurance, that in case of danger and emergency, it should procure him kind remembrance and protection; but the Countess of Nottingham, (as is well known) was a concealed, and therefore a dangerous enemy to Essex. She never delivered the ring to the Queen; and Elizabeth angry, and mortified to the heart, at what she considered as the result of pride, and obstinacy in her favorite, too hastily resolved, that his life should be forfeited to her just resentment. While it was impending, her agitated state of mind precluded her ad-

PERCY.

mitting any one, (even those most in her confidence) to her presence: after his death, she would have seen Sir Albert, but affliction and illness prevented his appearing before her; and it was perhaps fortunate it did, as he might have dared, in the fullness of his indignation, to have even reproached his Sovereign; which, alas! she needed not in addition to her unhappy feelings of remorse; for with the death of Essex, all the Queen's delights seemed to expire.

Sir Albert pleading ill health, supplicated the Queen to allow him to resign his employments in the army, and to retire a while for his recovery: she most reluctantly granted the request, for in her heart, she held every one dear who had loved her favorite, and in proportion, felt abhorrence to those who had aided, or rejoiced in his destruction. So weak and inconsistent, as a woman, was this great and enlightened Queen, she would willingly

willingly have kept Sir Albert about her person, merely to indulge in the melancholy pleasure of talking with him in praise of *his* friend, *her* beloved Essex: but Percy felt sorrow at the sight of her, and to avoid it, determined upon going to France in search of his Mother, who ever since the death of her Father, the Marquis de Bouillon, had retired with her Daughter to one of the southern provinces of that kingdom. That nobleman had given great offence to Elizabeth, by coming to England, and (being attached to the House of Guise) taking an active part in favor of the Queen of Scots—the unfortunate, but lovely Mary.

Lady Percy was an ornament to her sex—with the best qualities of heart and mind, her whole conduct was regulated by a native rectitude of soul. She was of a disposition so amiable, as never to be subject to the smallest emotions of anger, or ill humour. No woman more eminently possessed the graces of conversation, and



with the most refined wit, she united artless simplicity of manners.

In her Father's life time, she divided her attention between him and her Daughter Julia, who promised to be every thing her fond Mother could wish.

It was now become the favorite project of Sir Albert to bring them over to reside at his castle, where he intended spending much of his time. It stood upon the coast of Devonshire, and was a noble structure: its towers were among the most beautiful remains of Gothic workmanship; its situation elevated, in the midst of a fine old park, enriched with venerable oaks, and with the most luxuriant vegetation.

A considerable river ran by it, which was in parts concealed by trees, and at times discovered itself winding in its course through a most romantic country, with natural cascades beautifully breaking the smooth surface of its silver current.

From



From the higher turrets of the castle, could be seen the navies of England, proudly riding on the British Channel. Nothing could be more grand, or more beautiful, than the whole of this extensive domain, but it had seldom been the lot of its present possessor to reside there, and enjoy the charming solitude he now thought of with so much consolation. He wrote to his steward, ordering due preparation to be made; a precaution the more necessary, it having been much neglected since the death of his Father, and only inhabited by a few servants, who lived in one of the wings.

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## CHAP. II.

**S**IR Herbert Montgomery, who was not only the friend, but who had also been an adherent of the unfortunate Earl of Effex, offered to accompany Percy in his expedition to the Continent, and being strongly suspected of having actually assisted at the treasonable Convention held at that nobleman's house, he was happy to seize any excuse for absenting himself, and the more so, as it gave him an opportunity of enjoying the society of Percy, with whom he had been bred from his youth, and whom he easily perceived had more causes than one, for his visibly strong disquietude. This noble youth, for so we may still call him, had at this time formed an attachment, which augured most inauspiciously, and as it carried every mark of the most  
lasting

lasting inviolability, it was the more to be dreaded, and required the soothing hand of friendship, either to comfort, or assist. The Countess of Nottingham had a Daughter, the very reverse of her Mother in person, as well as manner; for she was, as far as mortals can, or ought to be compared with the inhabitants of Heaven, as handsome, and as good, as Angels are supposed to be; need I add, that she was the admiration of the Court in which she shone; and considering the accomplishments, and virtues of both, as well as the intimacy which had been encouraged between them by the Countess her Mother, a mutual attachment might have easily been foreseen; nor was it to be wondered at, that perfections so attracting in each, should have occasioned an ardent and most lasting passion.

Heart-breaking was it to them, therefore, when his profession called Percy to the field; but judge, Reader, if you can, the poignancy of their grief, when the Countess



commanded her Daughter to renounce for ever, all idea of a connection with Sir Albert.

The inexorable perseverance of her character was known to them both; its perverse obstinacy Percy was more convinced of, and they had insight enough into the motives of her conduct, to judge that their lives in future would be that of extreme vexation and trouble, if not of endless misery. The Countess who had been bred in Courts, with the cold and unfeeling ideas of interested intrigue, concluded that the strong affections of the mind, were as much under the entire controul of those who possessed them, as were the smiles and frowns of the Courtiers she was in the habits of living with.

Matilda received this command with submission; but it was to her, like the stroke of death: falling upon her knees in the utmost agony, she intreated her to revoke the dreadful sentence, urging the  
encou-



encouragement which had been given to her and her lover, and the cruelty of now crushing every hope of their union; adding, to what she fondly thought reasons, all the endearing blandishments of filial affection.

The Countess was unmoved: firm in her purpose, and little considering whether it was right or wrong, she chid her Daughter harshly, for daring to speak with unbecoming warmth on a subject ill suited to her years and judgment.

This determination ended in words equally harsh: as she finished, Percy was unexpectedly announced on his return from Spain! It would be so difficult to describe the different emotions, with the effect they had upon the features of those who composed this trio, that we shall not attempt it.

Lady Nottingham immediately explained to Sir Albert her unalterable resolutions,

and haughtily forbad his attentions in future to her Daughter : then turning to her with an air, which probably would have been dignified, had her purpose been good, but which now only breathed the most cruel asperity, she said, " Lady Matilda, I trust to you as you love your fame, that you will not dishonor the lustre of your race, by joining your destiny with that of the friend of Essex ; who, you know, has recently and justly suffered upon the block, for the crimes against his Sovereign. As you wish for my blessing, and future happiness, remember these, the injunctions of your only surviving parent ; and as you deprecate her curse, and future misery, avoid it, by accepting, with becoming obedience, the hand of the Earl of Beaufort."

Percy for a moment was lost in grief and wonder, at what he had just heard ; but as soon as he could recover himself sufficiently from the horror and astonishment, occasioned so unexpectedly by Lady  
Notting-

Nottingham's peremptory and unjust declaration, he eagerly stopped her, as she was leaving the room with precipitation. "Madam," said he, with indignation, his big heart swelling as he spoke, "how have *I* deserved this treatment, and how have *you* ventured to mention the name of Essex and dishonor together? they never were joined before, in my hearing, and never shall again with impunity; but the Mother of Matilda finds a shield in the virtues of her Daughter:" then turning to her with the utmost tenderness, he exclaimed, "Adorable woman! thou knowest I am innocent of the crimes imputed to me, and why I am charged with them; thou hast pledged thy faith, and love to me, and it has been sanctioned by *her* who calls herself thy Mother; to my death I will consider myself as thine, and thine only: pity thy Albert, imitate his constancy, and we may still be happy: as for Beaufort, (with visible marks of anger on his countenance, as he spoke) he lives not if he disputes Matilda with me, or he lives unworthy of her."



her." *Looks* were the only consolations and adieus, she could give her Albert, but those were most kind and expressive; and as it was a language in which his heart needed no interpreter, they for a moment afforded him a ray of comfort. As soon, however, as he could recall his scattered thoughts, and reflected that their separation would be immediate, and their meeting, if ever, removed to a very distant period, his soul seemed to die within him, and his despair was immoderate; such as only time with transient hopes of better, and more propitious days could soften or alleviate.

It may be difficult to account for Lady Nottingham's behaviour; but if it be remembered that at *that* time the Earl of Beaufort was a very rising person in the Court of Elizabeth, it will not be wondered at, that this artful, intriguing, and ambitious woman should over-leap all bounds, and consequently that the happiness of her Daughter, and the consent she  
had



had before given to her union with Sir Albert, should prove weak fences, when opposed to what she called the interest of her family. She felt that her credit with her mistress was on a tottering, and unsteady foundation; how could it be otherwise, not having virtue and honor for its basis? and she therefore wished to prop it, by uniting her Daughter's worth to the growing interest of Beaufort. It is probable, she had entirely mistaken the reason of her declining consequence at Court, and that the very steps she had hitherto taken to secure its stability, had a direct contrary tendency, and were indeed the cause of the increasing coolness of Elizabeth.

We often see vice defeating its own purposes, and sometimes favoring (by the means it uses to destroy) the good and virtuous, who employ no art, and stoop not to dishonor to attain the end they seek.

Matilda,

Matilda, as soon as she could again obtain an interview with her Mother, urged every thing her mind could suggest to soften her, but the Countess was not to be affected by words, however moving; and *their motives and intentions* she as little regarded: in short, she found her as fixed as ever, or if changed, more to the mutual disadvantage of herself and Percy.

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## CHAP. III.

**N**EVER were two men more the reverse of each other, both in character and person, than Beaufort and Sir Albert Percy. The former joined to the haughtiest manners the most awkward and disgusting address; picquing himself upon his nobility and riches, he could not brook the slightest contradiction, and falsely imagined the world made to yield to him; his flatterers encouraged him, and spoke their own language, which, being ever the reverse of truth, was the more pleasing to him.

As time and vanity had reconciled him to the truths his glass might have told him, he had no idea that any engagement or even attachment should be able to cross  
his

his hopes, much less cause his proposals to be rejected. It must be confessed, that he was much encouraged in his presumption by the Countess, who making light of what had passed, easily persuaded him that Matilda was much too young to know her own mind, and that absence would very soon render her indifferent about Percy. She took infinite pains to conceal her from his presence at this time, that he might not perceive the effect of her misfortune; but that was not necessary long; the very day she had spoken to him concerning her, which was just previous to her cruel declaration to Percy, the Earl was hastily sent to Ireland, where his attendance was required.

Thus was the meeting of these rivals prevented, it may be supposed more to the satisfaction of Beaufort than to that of Sir Albert, who desired nothing more earnestly than an opportunity of forcing the Earl to renounce pretensions to what he considered his undoubted right.

The



The ill-fated Percy finding that Beaufort, if he had not eluded his vengeance, was at least for the present unluckily far removed from its fury, and that he was denied even the hopes of seeing *her* he only lived for, found his stay in England too irksome to be borne. The disgrace and death of his friend upon the scaffold, and the persecuting spirit of his enemies, which hunted all his party with unremitting perseverance, made it, perhaps, also a step of *prudence*, as well as choice; he therefore prepared for his journey, hoping that a change of scene, and the society of his dear beloved Mother and Sister, might in some degree mitigate the poignancy of his affliction, and teach him to bear his sorrows like a man.

Thus have we seen two persons, of the greatest worth and accomplishments, made miserable by the most hateful and despicable motives which could influence the heart; and by those too who possessed neither worth or true wisdom. “ But the  
ways

ways of Heaven are dark and intricate." It is our duty to bow to the dispensations of the great Creator, with humble resignation ; and in such a state we shall hope were the minds of the firm Sir Albert, and the more gentle Matilda.

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## CHAP. IV.

As Sir Herbert Montgomery was equally anxious with his friend to leave England, they put their intentions of quitting it into immediate execution. They crossed the Straits of Dover with prosperous winds, and landed safely on the opposite shore. As neither possessed spirits to enjoy the beauties of the countries through which they passed, they travelled with all possible expedition, and soon arrived in Rouffillon.

They found some difficulties, however, to encounter in the latter part of their journey; for to reach the habitation of Lady Percy, it was necessary to penetrate through an extensive forest; its remoteness from the haunts of men, and the exuberance



uberance of the soil, had so encouraged the underwood, that it formed a continued thicket almost impassable; what paths they found were only those accidentally formed by strayed cattle, or perhaps the wild beasts of prey, indeed the only inhabitants it could boast.

At length a hunter, luckily, crossed their path, and conducted them safely to where the country became more open and widened to the view, and from whence a very passable but winding road led to the villa they were in quest of. Here, amidst beautiful woods, aromatic and flowering shrubs perfumed the air; and at the near approach of the happiness Sir Albert anticipated in folding his beloved Mother in his arms, he became sensible to the thousand beauties which surrounded him, and saw Nature dressed in her gayest colours to receive him. Amongst the irregularities, the eye could trace many other villas most happily disposed: the spot on which his Mother's stood,

stood, was a small lawn, with a gentle declivity, about half a mile from the sea; and the rocks opened on each side in all their majesty, as if purposely to give a view of the Mediterranean, with its promontories, bays, and ships. The house, which had elegant accommodations within, was screened behind by a well-grown wood, and the lofty distant hills, towering considerably above it, added grandeur and shelter to the whole: while copious streams of the most limpid water rolled down in channels of their own creating, and sometimes, after falling from rock to rock, exhibiting beauties which art could never reach, they were lost, and mingled in the briny deep.

Lady Percy was admiring, with a melancholy pleasure, the beautiful scene around her, and her mind, perhaps dwelling on her darling son, when he blessed her with his presence. Joy almost overcame her, and they were both extremely affected by the meeting.

The

The transitions that Sir Albert had experienced, and the unhappy scenes he had witnessed since they parted, all rushed at once upon his mind, and these tender relatives for a few moments were unable to give utterance to their feelings. As soon, however, as the first emotions subsided, he tenderly embraced his sister, who felt inexpressibly the happiness of seeing him once again, although it was impossible not to observe that he was by no means in health, and that his mind had also been deeply wounded.

We must do justice to the filial piety of Sir Albert, by remarking, that he endeavoured to suppress every feeling that might damp his mother's joy in seeing him. He introduced his friend, and, for a few hours at least, appeared to be revived by the society of Lady Percy and of Julia.

He took occasion to mention one of the principal objects of his journey, and  
to



to represent in the most pleasing colours, the plans he had formed for their accompanying him to England. The attachment, however, which his Mother expressed for her native country, and particularly for that part of it, in which she had then fixed her abode, in some measure deprived him of the hope of putting his favorite scheme into execution,

It is to be observed, that besides being born and educated in France, she had a particular objection to return to England. She was no favorite with the Queen, whose resentment for the part her father had taken (as it has before been mentioned in favor of Mary) rendered her insensible to the perfections of his Daughter.

It was for this reason she quitted England on the death of her Husband, and went to reside in Paris with the Marquis de Bouillon, who lived but a short time after she arrived. He was succeeded by his son, her elder brother, who gave early pre-

ages of being of a haughty and imperious disposition, and treated Lady Percy with so much coldness and indifference, that she determined to leave that metropolis, and purchased the villa that we have been describing, and which Sir Albert had vainly flattered himself she would have quitted to again take possession of the domains belonging to her late Husband in England: but finding it a subject on which she did not wish to touch, and that if ever she did speak upon it, she had such partial reasons for objecting to it, he thought it proper to relinquish the idea, whatever pain it might cost himself.

Several weeks elapsed without any remarkable occurrence. Sir Albert's spirits indeed failed him, as might be expected, after the first effusions of joy were subsided. He often looked most thoughtfully and dejectedly at Julia, and never bestowed any commendation upon her, but it led him into a train of thoughts, which generally ended in a profound reverie.

verie. He could not help lamenting, when he paid the tribute due to her amiable and engaging manners, that she and Matilda were not acquainted with each other; and the concern that its present improbability produced, often threw him into the most dreadful melancholy.

He now avoided all society, indulging his propensity for solitude. Lady Percy perceived the visible alteration in his appearance, which made her wretched, and she thought of a scheme, which, however unpleasant to herself, would certainly be the means of preventing his giving up so entirely to painful retrospections. She proposed apprising her brother, the Marquis, of his arrival, as she thought he would immediately pay him a visit, which must of course prevent his being so much alone.

The character of the Marquis de Bouillon had not inspired his Nephew with either veneration or affection, but he allowed it was a necessary form, and ought



to take place. Letters were immediately dispatched, and there were very polite answers returned, containing congratulations to each on their general meeting, and information that as soon as his attendance at the Court of Henry could be dispensed with, he should pay his respects to the family at the Villa.

Lady Percy experienced no other pleasure at this intelligence, than the certainty that any thing by way of change must be of advantage to her Son, who was now falling into a desponding state, from which she feared the most serious consequences.

Sir Albert was much discomposed at the idea of his coming, for although his Mother had not enlarged upon the ill qualities of her Brother, he had from other persons heard a very unfavorable description both of his Uncle and family, and he therefore dreaded extremely the intended visit.

Montgomery had perpetual opportunities

ties of being alone with Julia, and from the first of their arrival, had paid her the most flattering attentions; but the doubtful state of his affairs, and the dread of having his estates confiscated, had kept him from making any direct avowal of his passion. Sir Albert could not but observe his assiduities, and being of all men the most candid, he lost not a moment in expressing his fears to his friend, that his conduct might be productive of great uneasiness to Julia, who was too young to have been accustomed to such attentions, her whole time at Paris having been occupied with her masters. Sir Herbert blushed, and acknowledged his predilection, at the same time declared he had said nothing upon the subject to Julia, because of his uncertain, and at present, unfortunate situation; that their time, when together, was employed in reading, drawing, or music, and admiring the beauties of the country; that he had always endeavoured, and he hoped with success, to conceal from her his emotions. Sir

Albert thanked him for this candid explanation, at the same time he could not help observing, somewhat significantly, that a great deal of mischief might be done without a formal declaration, and that the intercourse they had, might give rise to affections on the part of his sister, which would embitter all her future life, should circumstances continue to render their union impossible or improper. They were interrupted by Lady Percy, who entered with letters, containing the intelligence of the Marquis and his Sons intending to pay them a visit the ensuing week. It was to Sir Albert very unpleasant news, who dreaded any interruption in his solitude, as much as she wished to effect it. He had indulged in a habit of disappearing from breakfast till dinner, and would often wander among the rocks by the sea side for hours together, yielding entirely to ideas of the most desponding tendency. The remembrance of his departed friend, his shocking fate, and the improbability of his ever seeing Matilda again, together  
with



with regret for having given up, though but for a season, a profession that would have been his pride, generally filled up his moments when alone. He could not endure a life of inactivity; his happier days had been chiefly spent in marshalling and training his fellows in arms, or, when absent from that duty, in paying constant visits at the Countess of Nottingham's. He had now only to anticipate a life of solitude, regret, and insignificance, and he most commonly returned from his rambles with a countenance dejected and forlorn.

It was much to be lamented, that with so many great and good qualities, this young man should be wanting in sufficient fortitude, to submit with due resignation to the decrees of Providence.

With the most approved courage in the field, he at times discovered *a something* like want of spirit, by sinking, as he did, under the trials it was his lot to struggle with; but as we are expected to adhere to

truth in his whole character, it would be equally improper to conceal his weaknesses, as to throw a veil over his many virtues.

Julia, although she was by no means *in raptures* with the idea of her Uncle's company, was by the reasons Lady Percy assigned for wishing it, perfectly reconciled to it; she had besides, at almost the same instant, received accounts, that her most intimate friend was arrived within a few miles of her, and entered with the greatest joy painted on her delighted countenance, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear Brother! Adelaide is come to the cottage." "And who is Adelaide?" said Sir Albert; "My most dear and particular friend," replied Julia; "we almost lived together, at Paris: her Mother, Madame de Vesins, has just taken a very beautiful little habitation, near this place, which we chose for them, and have had the agreeable employment of preparing for their reception."

"The Father of Adelaide," said Lady  
Percy,

Percy, " is an old courtier, in every sense of the word ; his desire of breathing the air of a gay and magnificent Court, has insensibly overcome all domestic attachments, not to mention that his neglect of his wife, is in a great measure owing to her declining beauty. While she was the admiration of all his acquaintance, as much for her accomplishments and loveliness, as for the conduct and virtue she possessed, he was vain of having her for a companion ; but no sooner had time faded her charms, (though it could not deprive her of polished and engaging manners) than he treated her with the coldest neglect and indifference. Some scandalous reports did indeed prevail, that her place was supplied in his chateau by a younger woman, whom his arts had beguiled ; but rumour has many tongues, and we hope they do not all speak truth : it was strange, however, that he should not only feel ennui in the company of Madame de Vefins, but that he should appear to lose (or never felt) the affection of a Father, for he almost treated his pretty



Daughter, Adelaide, with as much coldness as if she had been his wife. He had no objection to their coming into this neighbourhood to reside, and most fortunate is it for us, that they should have fixed upon this remote situation, so contiguous to that I had chosen, and which is become so dear to me."

It gave Sir Albert extreme satisfaction to hear what an acquisition his Mother had in these very amiable friends; for having never since quite a youth, been in France, he was not acquainted personally even with his uncle. Julia proposed paying Adelaide a visit; her brother declined being of the party, but his friend intreated permission to attend them, which being acceded to, they repaired to the cottage, and mutual satisfaction appeared at their meeting. Lady Percy and Madame had much to converse upon; the latter had many painful circumstances to relate of the contempt shewn her by her husband, for whom, unfortunately, she still retained  
much

much affection, notwithstanding his ill usage: she felt much and great relief by disclosing her griefs and disburthening her mind, to so sincere a friend, who had in her turn, much cause to lament, and who had also frequently derived consolation from Madame de Vefins' friendship and judgment. During their conversation, the young people congratulated each other on the joyous occasion, and Sir Herbert, no doubt, admired their reciprocal attachment. The delighted Adelaide explored with avidity the beautiful retreat they had chosen for her. It was a most charming and sweetly situated cottage, within two miles of the villa of Lady Percy.

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## CHAP. V.

**A**T the beginning of the week, the Marquis, with a splendid retinue, arrived, and presented to Sir Albert's view, a tall severe looking man, with manners and address, in which haughtiness and dignity were clearly discernable, but not so easily separated. He made a distant but low bow to his Nephew, and to Sir Herbert; he took very little notice of his Sister, but stepping up to Julia, he immediately addressed himself to her, in a most abrupt and extraordinary manner :

“ Young lady,” said he, “ I have two motives for taking this extreme long journey : the one, (turning to Percy) I hope you, Sir, will ascribe to yourself ; the other  
is



is to complete a match, I have always designed, between Julia and my Son Roland; yes, lady, there is your husband elect, and I trust you will find him ready to set a just value upon charms such as your's, and the honor intended him."

Julia was struck with astonishment at this unexpected introduction, and indeed the whole company were equally so. Roland, who was in all things the reverse of his family, felt its awkwardness more than any one present. In those days, the nobles in France, had unlimited power: a word, *nay a look*, was sufficient to consign a person, however innocent, to perpetual imprisonment, perhaps to torture, or to death.

Julia, who was well aware of her Uncle's arbitrary disposition, and knew his power, that he never gave up a point which he had once resolved, was upon this occasion almost overcome by her feelings, but she did

did not attempt a reply to so abrupt, and in her opinion, cruel a declaration.

They spent several days in the most formal and reserved style: Percy was wretched at being forced to shew attention to a man, whom he could by no means respect or admire, though the Brother of a parent he so tenderly and dutifully revered and loved. Julia lived in perpetual terror of his renewing the subject, on which he had made so very formal an harangue, upon his first entrance.

She felt the greatest esteem for her Cousin, but her heart had been previously bestowed upon another, and it was with confusion that she had observed the Marquis watch her looks with the most scrutinizing eye, as if he would penetrate the inmost sentiments of her heart. One day she happened to be waiting the arrival of Adelaide, when her Uncle entered the saloon, and she could not, without appearing too particular, venture to make her escape.

escape. She saw his intention was to converse with her, and was beyond measure agitated, which he, however, pretended not to observe. "By this time," said he, addressing himself to his Niece in a seeming careless manner, "you *must* have determined with respect to my Son. It is proper, I think now, that the union should be concluded, as Sir Albert is luckily here, and you ought therefore to prepare for it without delay."

Who can describe what Julia's feelings were, at the conclusion of this indelicate and unfeeling speech? In terror of her Uncle, from the character she had heard of him, (though not from her Mother, who had prudently avoided, before her, entering upon the subject) she knew not how to risk any reply. He paused a moment, and then in a tone more haughty and determined than he had ever spoke in her presence, he resumed. "I trust you are not insensible, lady, to the compliment I pay you: you behold, in my Son, the heir of  
all



all my estates, descended from a race of nobles; with him I offer you all my rank and splendour: surely you cannot *shrink* from the superlative honors held out to you. Lady Percy as a branch of our noble tree, must know its consequence, and *with her* it will have weight, though *you* may be ignorant and blind to your own advancement." Julia continuing silent, the Marquis continued to raise his voice to a pitch that made her tremble: in a louder key he exclaimed, "What, no answer! Young lady, I have fears that you are wanting in good manners: let me tell you, I have not been accustomed to this sort of contemptuous behaviour: possibly you are insensible to my Son's addresses, from an inclination you may feel for the Englishman, whom your Brother, with so little consideration, has introduced to your acquaintance." Julia blushed: he resumed, "If you really are inclined towards this traitor, beware of the consequence: although he acquired that epithet only to Queen Elizabeth, my most bitter enemy,

*a Niece*

*a Niece of mine* shall never marry him; nor will I, by the perverseness and caprice of a girl, be disappointed of my favorite and long fixed purpose." At this, Julia, almost overcome with terror, fell upon her knees before him, beseeching him not to withdraw her from her Mother's protection, and the retreat where she should be happy to end her days. She declared herself perfectly aware of the high honor intended her, as well as sensible of the merit and perfections of Roland, but it was, at present, impossible to comply with the Marquis's commands. "*Impossible to comply with my commands!*" said the enraged Nobleman; "you will, I believe, rather find difficulty in evading them: hitherto I have made every one subservient to my will, and shall my own Niece, my ward, venture to oppose it? I shall say little more *to you*, Julia, only remember, *I will be obeyed.*"

This harsh manner of treating her, failed in its effect, and inspired her at once, with  
resent-

resentment and courage. She ventured to reply in a tone of firmness that surprised him; "My Lord," said she, in faltering accents, "I have a Brother, who, I understand, is also one of my guardians, and of him I shall intreat compassion: I trust *he* will join my Mother in rescuing me from tyranny, and be my protector, should I stand in need of one." With this she retired from his presence, dreading the consequence of his violence and anger.

The Marquis made it his business to speak apart to Lady Percy, to whom he related all that had passed, painting the *insolence* of Julia in the strongest colours. He then proceeded to enlarge, with much self-complacency, upon the mutual advantages of the union; and after talking a long time with great eagerness, volubility, and warmth, in which, however, he never lost the haughty and severe parts of his character, he enquired if Lady Percy did not think it desirable for her Daughter to be so distinguished; if the honor of being, in  
future,



future, Marchionefs de Bouillon, was fuch a *trifle* as to be rejected? To this addrefs, the affectionate and prudent Mother replied, "The connection would be moft defirable certainly, if fannctioned by reciprocity of attachment in the young people, otherwife, I fhould confider it moft unfortunate: it has ever been my refolution not to force or reftrain the inclinations of my children, who in return, I expect, will never form any connection which I may have occafion to difapprove."

"Mighty well, Madam," faid he; "then I fhall not confult you, but please myfelf; I fhall make ufe of meafures accordingly, fince in you, of whom I expected fupport, I find no advocate." He then made ufe of feveral harfh expreffions, which affected her even to tears. Sir Albert entered at the clofe of the fcene, and being made to underftand by his Mother what had caufed her emotion, in a firm and affectionate manner, he affured her, that while he had life,

life, neither her or Julia should know oppression; and he flattered himself the laws of nature would prevent his Uncle attempting to baffle him in a duty so interesting. This declaration gave great offence, and produced a very warm dispute. The Marquis desired them to read *the will*, in which the Father of Julia had deputed him to act as her principal guardian; but observing Lady Percy look much alarmed, and that Sir Albert was bursting with indignation, he condescended to soften his behaviour, and to say, that it was not *absolutely necessary* for him to *exert* his authority, he only thought it better his desires should be complied with. "To shew," resumed the Marquis, "how much affection I have for you all, as well as inclination to oblige you, I propose that my Son shall remain here, and be allowed to try *his* success, which, I think, must be infallible."

This was, at length, agreed to, after a long debate, and some altercation; and the

the Marquis not being able to brook the least contradiction, ordered his attendants to prepare his equipage, and immediately departed.

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## CHAP. VI.

No one lamented this sudden resolution, not even Roland, who was much confused and shocked at his father's deportment. He sought an early opportunity of setting Julia's mind at ease, as far at least as it depended upon himself; he confessed at once, that he had often seen *Adelaide* in Paris, and not without the greatest partiality; but now the frequent intercourse they had (owing to the intimacy of the ladies of each family) had unalterably confirmed his attachment. Julia thanked him for his candour, which she repaid by the most satisfactory explanation of her own sentiments, and they were ever after the most sincere friends.

**It was not without chagrin, that Percy beheld**

beheld how much Sir Herbert and his sister became every hour more firmly attached; he condemned his own folly and selfishness, in bringing for his companion so dangerous (because so accomplished and amiable) an acquaintance for Julia, whose heart had proved so susceptible of his perfections.

He reflected with concern, knowing his many estimable qualities, that while the Queen lived, a certain stigma must attend him, if not the loss of every estate, which would not only render an union with Julia highly offensive to the Marquis, (who, upon an attentive perusal of his Father's will, he saw had sole power over her) but also extremely imprudent upon every account.

He determined immediately to separate them, at least for a time, in hopes, after Montgomery's promise upon the inauspicious aspect his affairs wore, that no engagements had taken place, and that if  
his

his friend's ill fortune should pursue him, so as to continue the impossibility and impropriety of their union, that neither of them would be so involved in their ill-fated affection, as to be for ever miserable.

Lady Percy was much grieved when her son made his intentions of leaving her known. At first she endeavoured to dissuade him from putting his purpose into execution, but finding his heart so bent upon it, she assumed all the composure she was mistress of, and tried to support it with as much fortitude as she could command. She had of late indulged a hope, that as he had found his health was better with her (though not his spirits, it must be confessed) that he might, disgusted as he had been in England, continue with her sometime longer, since she had declined returning with him; nevertheless, what he alledged respecting Sir Herbert had its due weight, and, though she allowed his merit and perfections, the same objections

*he*



he made with respect to Julia, as forcibly struck her.

She was most unfortunately under the particular direction of her Uncle, and it required all their caution to procure permission for her to reside any longer with her Mother. They therefore dreaded his displeasure, and considered it most dangerous to incur his resentment, as he was, when offended, of a disposition the most violent and implacable.

It is necessary to explain how this lovely girl happened to be thus at the disposal of her tyrannical Uncle: Her Father was devoted to his Wife, and his regard and affection extended itself to all her family; and his partiality to every branch prevented his discriminating between the deserving and the unamiable part of it. He never acted ill, or, therefore, suspected it in others; and had the Marquis de Bouillon reposed such a trust in him, he

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would have acquitted himself of it with tenderness as well as integrity.

Not so his Brother-in-Law, who being left the guardian, should also have been the protector of Julia; but he immediately acted in the most arbitrary and unfeeling manner. Her Father had supposed that Lady Percy would reside in her native country, and knowing how entirely his Son was engaged at Court or occupied in his profession, he concluded it would be more for the comfort as well as advantage of his Daughter, if her Uncle was principal trustee; and considering it as indubitable that they would all act in unison, he gave the Marquis this power, which his Wife and charming Daughter had long cause to lament.

It may be thought very surprising that a person bred in the great world should have known so little of a man with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, but the Marquis de Bouillon was at that time  
under

under awe of his Father, and might not have had an opportunity of discovering the violence of his temper ; he was a very artful man, and likely to take advantage of the genuine simplicity which marked his Brother's character through every action of his life.

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## CHAP. VII.

**N**o tidings being sent to Paris concerning the progress Roland had made in Julia's affection, his Father began to grow very impatient, and wrote to demand the cause of his being kept in suspense upon a subject so near to his heart; this was followed almost immediately by requiring the personal attendance of his Son, as he had not, he said, been accustomed to be trifled with. Poor Roland, with great anxiety of mind, prepared to obey the summons, hoping, however, for the present to wave any discussion on the subject. He took leave of Adelaide, as a lover might be expected to do, who dreaded almost an endless separation. He was certain (let Julia act in whatever way she thought proper) that his Father would not  
listen

listen to any thing like his union with Mademoiselle de Vefins. Her Father having once offended the Marquis, by an omission of etiquette which he considered his due, upon a ceremonial court attendance, and as no apology had been offered, or was likely to be given, there was no prospect of his resentment subsiding.

This reflection just now was very disheartening, and delicacy prevented his explaining by words the situation of his heart to the fair possessor of it. But she perfectly understood him, and from the character of his Father, attributed his present silence to the just motives.

There was something particularly unlucky (subject as they were to the obstinate disposition of this captious tyrant) that the young people should have formed an attachment in a manner which promised so little happiness or success. Lady Percy was aware that expostulation would be of little avail, and therefore only in private

vate lamented what it had not been in her power to prevent, and what she was unable to remedy.

Roland departed now to Paris, carrying only a request from Julia to be allowed a short time on a matter so important in itself. This seemed to satisfy the Marquis, and he permitted his Son to join the King, and by his prowess add honor to a family already in his opinion *above all others.*

The time being nearly arrived, when Percy and his friend were to bid adieu to the villa and its amiable inhabitants. The fond and anxious Mother expressed many apprehensions that Albert would find the journey too fatiguing, but as he had accustomed himself to daily exercise, generally riding, and frequently seeking the most distant as well as solitary paths to indulge his thoughts in mournful silence, he was better prepared for what he was now to



to undertake, than her fears had led her to suppose.

In Sir Herbert he had seldom found a companion, for, maugre his good resolutions, and the marks of dissatisfaction he had observed in his friend, at his encreasing attachment, he could not endure being absent from Julia an instant. It happened one morning, that Sir Albert extended his ride much beyond his intentions, having unconsciously been tempted onwards by beauties which on every side solicited his notice. As he repeatedly stopped to gaze, he was lost in admiration at the furrounding scenery, and exclaimed in accents at once animated and pathetic, "How can I wonder that my Mother prefers her native country, when it abounds in charms such as these? where too, she is remote from courts, their vanities, false friends, and a resentful Queen! Why am not I also content to remain here? Why do I again seek misery and contempt? Oh, Matilda! *but for thee,*

here would I end my days; the fond hope of seeing thee, faithful and lovely as when I left thee: But what do I say? she too has a Mother—but oh! how different from mine! how kind is one! how inhuman is the other! his words faltered—  
Exhausted by mental as well as bodily fatigue, he dismounted, and reclining himself upon the herbage, he fell, almost instantly, into a heavy slumber, in the course of which, fancy usurping the post of reason, presented to his view the figure of a youthful female, her countenance pale as if the hand of death was upon her—a white flowing garment covered her limbs: She surveyed him with looks of the utmost benignity and compassion; then gracefully waving her hand, she glided rapidly into an adjacent wood, and vanished. “Alas,” said he, awaking in great perturbation, “it is the shade of my Matilda, sent, no doubt, to apprize me of her death.—Oh, why, lovely vision, couldst thou not leave me under the flattering delusion that thou wert still in a mortal existence?”

istence? but thou art gone, too surely for my peace, to those blessed regions where human eyes may not behold thee. Oh, wretched Albert! what in this life can recompence thy loss?" As he pronounced these words, he was seized with an universal shivering, the effect of a growing fever, which for some days had been lurking in his frame, and to which must be attributed principally not only the dream we have related, but the strong impression it made on the mind of our hero. His naturally fine understanding, thus overclouded by sympathy with its mortal partner, was *also* tinged in a small degree with the remaining superstition of the days in which he lived, it is not therefore surprising that he was for the present incapable of giving due weight to the improbability of a preternatural warning. The more he ruminated upon the subject, the greater was his conviction that the house of Nottingham had been bereft of its Daughter. At length suddenly rousing himself, and starting up, he exclaimed,



" Fool that I am, to linger here; I will immediately return to my own country, and either confirm, or *have cause* to discard my apprehensions: Alas! if they prove too well founded, and if my Matilda's spirit is flown to its congenial abode, I will at least have the melancholy consolation of visiting her sacred relics; and to them will I pour out the effusions of a soul which next to its Creator is eternally devoted to her.

Calmed a little by this determination, he had leisure to reflect upon the grounds for alarm his unusual absence had given his family, and, ill as he was, his affection prompted him hastily to retrace the intricate mazes through which he had wandered.

Upon his arrival at the villa, Lady Percy, who had long and anxiously expected his return, was at first overjoyed to see him, but observing his wild and haggard looks, and feeling the burning heat  
of

of his hands, her terror so far from being extinguished, was renewed with greater vehemence than before. Sir Albert vainly strove to comfort her, by concealing his inward sufferings; the symptoms of his malady became every instant more threatening and apparent, and were quickly succeeded by a most virulent fever; for many days his life was despaired of; at times he was delirious, and at other moments in an alarming stupor. Julia and her unhappy Mother anxiously and unceasingly wept over him, or knelt by his bedside, offering up their fervent prayers for his recovery to the Almighty Disposer of events. At length their sorrow and their supplications were heard at the Throne of Mercy: his disorder took a favorable turn, and restored a fond Mother, an affectionate Sister, and a valuable friend, to their accustomed serenity. The first use he made of returning health, was to request a private conference with Montgomery. In a few words, but with precision and coherence, he related to him

the extraordinary dream which had preceded his illness, together with his belief of its fatal import, and his consequent determination to return immediately to England, adding, with a tremulous voice, that, although he was recovering in bodily health, no medicine could restore the tranquility of his soul.

Montgomery used every argument which religion or reason, aided by the tenderest friendship, could suggest, to re-compose his mind, alledging his disturbed sleep to have been a previous consequence of his impending illness, and partly perhaps the result of his dejection of spirits.

He listened attentively, but with evident marks of incredulity, to all his friend could urge in opposition to his belief; and heaving a profound sigh, he said, "Your efforts to administer comfort, alas! are ineffectual; nothing less than the conviction of my own senses shall persuade me that my fears are void of foundation: call  
it



it not weakness, since it is a weakness I cannot help, nor accuse me of presumption, in thus imagining I have had an intimation from above; neither suspect me of a mental derangement; but if you are indeed my friend, as I have every reason to suppose, pity in silence the wretchedness to which you see me a prey, and above all, oppose not my fixed purpose to depart immediately for England."

"To that end," replied Sir Herbert, "it is necessary that you should regain your wonted strength, which can never be while you abandon yourself, in this manner, to grief and despair. You will, at least, admit there is a *possibility* that your Matilda lives; cherish the idea, and if that is insufficient, call to its aid, filial and fraternal affection; each of which demand from you a manly exertion of mind, the only thing requisite to complete your recovery. Had you, like me, been witness to the piercing anguish of your tender Mother and amiable Sister, while every moment

moment we expected your dissolution, your susceptible heart would have been penetrated with sentiments of the liveliest gratitude, and life, for their sakes, would have appeared too dear to you to be risked by an indulgence in unavailing sorrow. Believe me, at the same time that I condemn, I participate your affliction; but I would moderate its excess, at least, till you have ascertained whether there is cause for it or not; and be assured, Montgomery will never be adverse to any project which can be instrumental to your relief."

While he thus continued to address Sir Albert, he perceived him gradually inclining to dose, and having tenderly watched over him till he was fast asleep, he hastened to the apartment of Lady Percy, to whom, as well as to the anxious Julia, he communicated much comfort, by giving them a very favorable opinion of the beloved sufferer; and they were mutually rejoicing with thankfulness, in the unhop'd for continuance of a blessing, which had so  
nearly

nearly been snatched from them for ever, when suddenly they were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with letters from the Marquis, in which, after expressions of concern at Sir Albert's illness, and reiterated assurances of his steady friendship, he said, he expected soon, that Julia would allow him to add to the titles he already possessed, of Uncle and Guardian, the still more endearing one of Father. "Gracious heaven!" she exclaimed, "will he not yet relinquish his purpose—must I still be persecuted to become the wife of Roland? Oh! my dearest Mother, let him not be sanctioned by you, never, never let him be the Father of your child."

Montgomery, too deeply interested by the scene before him, any longer to conceal sentiments he had hitherto found much difficulty in suppressing, now intreated, and with the utmost warmth, that she would discard her fears, protesting, that while he had life, and could prevent it, he would suffer no one to molest, or give her a moment's



ment's uneasiness. "Oh, Julia!" he added, "accept a heart which has long been your's, and which, but for the unmerited disgrace I have laboured under with my Sovereign, would ambitiously have sought to declare itself soon after I had the honor of your acquaintance. But painful as my silence has been, and severely as I have struggled to preserve it, I found it still more repugnant to my feelings to propose your becoming attached to the fortunes of a man, who could not hope to place you in the sphere you are so well calculated to adorn. This objection no longer exists; I have lately received favorable accounts from England; my estates are not confiscated, and I now, with the greatest deference, offer myself and them to your acceptance. If my suit is not displeasing, and if you and your honored Mother will vouchsafe to grant me the sacred office of your protector, it shall be the unwearied study of my life to remove from you every source of anxiety, and to repay the confidence reposed in me, by the fondest and most  
affidu-

affiduous attentions. As you will make me the happiest, it shall be my endeavour to prove myself the most grateful of men. Impute not to disrespect, an abruptness occasioned by circumstances too powerful for my self-command. Who, unmoved, could behold Julia in tears? Who, with my sentiments, could have refrained from avowing them? Accuse me not, therefore, of temerity, but believe that my reverence is equal to my love. I will only add, that blessed with your favor, I will henceforward abandon the idea of living in England; and after escorting Albert, and affording him all the consolation he can derive from my company, I will return immediately to this spot, the residence of all that my soul most highly values."

No sooner had he done speaking, than Lady Percy, whose pleasure at the foregoing declaration was evidently greater than her surprise, assured him, in flattering terms, that she was truly conscious of his worth, and that of all men living, she should

should prefer him for the husband of her Daughter; "But," she added, "it is Julia alone who must determine your destiny. Satisfied of her prudence, I have ever been resolved not to bias her choice; however, if I am not mistaken, *you* do not stand in need of an advocate. Would to God you had no other difficulties to surmount, than those you may have apprehended from us; but I know not how we shall be able to evade the power of that violent and pertinacious man, my Brother, who, there is too much reason to fear, will leave no means untried, however unjustifiable, to accomplish his favorite purpose, even though the misery of his own Son may be the consequence. At present, he is ignorant of the attachment between Roland and Adelaide, nor, I am persuaded, would any good result from the discovery: she will have no dowry; Monsieur de Vefins has neither power nor inclination to spare her one; besides which, a connection with any part of his family, would be



be particularly obnoxious to the Marquis, who holds him in abhorrence."

A summons from Sir Albert interrupted Lady Percy, who eagerly hastened to the apartment of her Son.

The lovers, for such, according to rule, we may now venture to call them, congratulated themselves on the liberty they were allowed of confessing their mutual partiality without reserve. Julia was superior to affectation, or false delicacy of any kind, and did not therefore attempt to disguise from Sir Herbert the impression he had made upon her heart, nor the pleasure she received from the disclosure of his sentiments; but the latter was suddenly checked by her recollection of the different alliance her Uncle had planned for her, and the tyranny with which he would probably try to enforce obedience to his wishes. Sir Herbert, not less sensible of the danger, pressed her to avoid it by consenting to an immediate union with him.

him. To this she objected, both from motives of tenderness to her Mother, and from considerations respecting Sir Albert; "Whose still precarious state of health," said she, "would too much imbitter a happiness, which, when your's, I am desirous should be without alloy." She therefore besought him to urge it no more for the present, but to suffer her to remain with Lady Percy till his return from England. Then taking his hand, with mingled dignity and sweetness, she vowed to him an eternal fidelity, and assured him, that be her persecutions what they might, she had courage sufficient to resist them; that countenanced in her engagement by maternal authority, she already considered it as sacred, and would consequently defy that power which would compel her to enter into another, no less than if this had been ratified at the altar. "That I may suffer in the contest," she continued, "I will not deny, but conscious of my own firmness, and consoled by my reliance on  
your

your affection, I shall disregard any temporary vexations I may have to undergo."

Montgomery, seeing her so resolved, was obliged to desist from any further entreaties; yet, nevertheless, he was harassed by painful presages, and could not submit without infinite reluctance.

As soon as Percy was sufficiently recovered to leave his apartment, and to converse with safety, he was made acquainted with the explanation which had taken place, and he did not hesitate to pronounce that Julia ought instantly to give her hand to his friend, alleging the same reasons which have before been stated, and obviating the only remaining objection, by proposing that his Mother should join the party to England. That amiable parent would willingly have consented to a plan which seemed so calculated to promote the happiness of those who possessed her best affections, had it not been for the particular odium in which she was held by Elizabeth; who,



who, further irritated by her presence, she apprehended, might prolong the disgrace, and extend the calamities of her Son. She, however, not only gave her concurrence to the proposal, as far as it related to Julia, but strenuously advised her to accede to it; and declared, that much as she cherished the society of her Daughter, she could not enjoy it to her cost; while on the contrary, solitude with self-approbation, would neither be irksome nor melancholy. "What more can I desire," added she, "than the felicity of my children? If allowed to be the witness of it, I should certainly think myself more fortunate; but though circumstances order it otherwise, still there is no cause for repining."

This discourse had the direct contrary tendency from what was intended, Julia being more than ever averse to quit a Mother, whose disinterestedness and love were so unparalleled. After some further persuasions, her resolution appeared so im-

move-

moveable, that she was permitted to carry her point.

Percy being now, as he conceived, strong enough to undertake his intended journey, by short stages, every necessary arrangement was hastened for his departure the ensuing week.

In the mean time, he received a letter from Roland, informing him that he had joined the forces in Brittany; that he had been severely treated by the Marquis, and that neither his Mother nor Violante, his Sister, had contributed, by their behaviour, to lessen his chagrin, which, he said, must have been too obvious to escape their observation. He attributed the harshness of his Father to the disinclination he had involuntarily betrayed towards the projected alliance with Julia, which had naturally given rise to suspicions that his heart was otherwise engaged. "How else," the Marquis had demanded, "could he be insensible to the numberless charms which

which were centered in her ?” He had then ostentatiously enlarged upon her beauty, her accomplishments, and endowments ; and to sum up all, he added that she was mistress of a fortune, which of itself would make her a desirable match for any family in the kingdom. On this latter article he had dwelt with such palpable delight, as to convince Roland, that, though not placed foremost in the list of Julia’s attractions, it had been far from having its *due* weight—or rather, that it had eclipsed qualities, which in *his* eyes had a lustre infinitely superior. In his reply to his Father, he had professed the utmost admiration as well as esteem for his lovely Cousin ; but at the same time that he acknowledged her worth, he had declared himself to be of so romantic a disposition, that he could not think of making any overtures of marriage, till by time and assiduity he had gained upon her affections.

The Marquis had been too penetrating  
to



to be the dupe of this pretended refinement, which he saw was merely an artifice to gain, by procrastination, some unforeseen means of ultimately evading the match; and feeling indignant at the attempted imposition, he had commanded Roland to prepare immediately for joining his regiment, adding with a sarcastic sneer, that he could not but accede to the terms of his Son, since they proceeded from motives of such *delicate sensibility*.

This letter was not of a nature to be heard with indifference by any of the party to whom Percy communicated its contents: independent of their regard for the writer, they had still closer reasons for lamenting the determined spirit of the Marquis; and so recent a proof of it, afforded no cordial to support their minds under the necessary distress of an approaching separation.

At length the dreadful moment arrived—each laboured to assume an appearance

of composure, and each failed in the attempt. Their adieus were mingled with sighs and tender exhortations: Percy, to relieve the anxious solicitude of his Mother, promised strict adherence to her injunctions with respect to his health, and moreover that he would neglect no means of banishing the corroding thoughts which had been so fatally destructive of his peace. She on her part, could only *look* her wishes that his exertions might prove effectual;—while Julia, torn with contending emotions, this moment applauded, and the next regretted the inflexible resistance she had made; and Montgomery sought in vain, from his ready obedience to her, and generous attachment to his friend, for that consolation which he no less required than deserved.

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## CHAP. VIII.

**T**HE parting over, our two friends pursued their journey for some time in silent sadness, each being too much absorbed in his own reflections to be desirous of interrupting, or even to perceive the taciturnity of his companion.

At first, Sir Albert experienced great fatigue from motion; and as the regular stages were sometimes too far asunder for the accommodation of an invalid, they were frequently obliged to halt at places only suited for their reception by being conveniently situated.

It happened on the fifth day from their departure that they found themselves un-

able to proceed, in a spot apparently re-



mote from any human habitation. Much perplexed what to do, they at last resolved to rest in their carriage while the servant was dispatched in quest of some hovel where they might pass the night. He returned in the space of half an hour, with the cheering intelligence, that he had discovered a comfortable, though lonely cottage, the inhabitants of which appeared to be far superior to the common peasantry, and had consented, with much seeming cheerfulness, to accommodate them to the best of their power.

The weary travellers found the abode even more promising than Robert had described : a very pretty, genteel, and neat dressed girl gave them ready admittance, and in the most courteous manner conducted them into a neat room, in which they were surprised to observe a small but select assortment of books ; in one corner a frame for embroidery, and some music on shelves in another, with some additional marks of its being the residence of persons

persons more refined than they could have expected to meet in a retirement so obscure, and secluded from polished society.

The young woman who admitted them had an ease and gentleness in her address, which joined to her speaking English extremely well, inspired them both with curiosity and respect; and when she made them her offers of service, they involuntarily rose from their seats, requesting her to depute a servant to wait upon them. "We have no servant, Gentlemen," answered Annette; "for some years, I have had the happiness of attending upon my family, and I beg you will now allow me the honor of serving you;—I am afraid, Sir," pursued she, addressing herself particularly to Sir Albert, whose languor attracted her notice, "you will find your accommodations but ill suited to your situation, and very inferior to what you have been accustomed;—such as they are, you are most heartily welcome to; would to heaven, for your sake, they were

such as you require. I entreat you will permit me to prepare you some refreshment, which, after your journey, must be absolutely necessary." To these obliging offers, he made her a very grateful reply, but feeling himself extremely fatigued, he declined accepting any thing, and only requested that she would allow his servant to prepare his bed; this she instantly complied with; but before he retired, she so irresistibly repeated her offers of bringing him something of her own preparing, that he could no longer be so uncourteous as to refuse her, and he was rewarded for his compliance, by finding himself considerably refreshed.

Meanwhile Sir Herbert had yielded to his propensity of endeavouring to penetrate into the history of these hospitable people; peasants he could not call them, but supposed them to have been reduced to their present humble condition by some extraordinary vicissitudes. From  
Annette



Annette he could only learn that the family consisted of her Grandfather, her parents, and their children, and that she herself was the eldest of five. Desirous of farther information, he had gladly embraced an opportunity which offered upon her opening the door; for, perceiving the old man sitting in the adjoining kitchen, he ventured to request the favor of his company. The venerable old man, who was reading with spectacles by the fire-side, rose at Sir Herbert's approach, and addressing him with great politeness, soon discovered himself to be his countryman, and a person of no mean rank or attainments.

They were mutually pleased at the rencontre; Sir Herbert expressed apprehensions of having unknowingly deprived him of his apartment, and entreated that he would now do his friend and him the honor of at least sharing it with them. This he agreed to with admirable grace;

and they all sat down together, to partake of the simple, but neat and abundant fare, which Annette had provided; after which, Percy, wishing them a good night, withdrew to his apartment.

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## CHAP. IX.

As night closed in, the old man betrayed much uneasiness, and expressed anxiety, that his son and daughter were not yet returned; they went, he said, to a neighbouring town, to receive a legacy that had been bequeathed to them, and their having this large sum increased his alarm, as it was reported, that a desperate and numerous banditti lurked in the adjacent forest, through which they must return. Sir Herbert remarked, that for the very reason he had given as the particular cause of his *uneasiness*, there was little doubt but they had postponed their return till the morrow; and having, in pity, urged every thing that his fancy or his reason could suggest, he at length in part succeeded in calming the alarms of his



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companion; who allowed that what he said was probable, and, praying to God that it might prove true, he endeavoured to compose himself, under the hope of their not having attempted to undertake their journey back so late in the evening.

As they both remained some minutes silent, and Montgomery was earnestly looking at the venerable white head of his aged host, as if he wished to penetrate into the mystery of his manners and appearance being so much at variance with his present situation;—he was observed by the object of his wonder and curiosity.

“ I perceive, Sir,” said Raymond (for such was his name) “ that there are some things about me, my child, and this cottage, which you cannot reconcile; if you are curious to know who I am, and how I came here, and remain so situated, I will very readily satisfy you; but if you are fatigued, or dread the loquacity of an  
aged



aged man, you will, perhaps, spare *yourself* some pain and commiseration, and *me* some heart-rending recollections.—Should your inclination lead you to hear the recital of my life, you are young enough, Sir, to benefit by some useful lessons it contains—and *my age* teaches me, that it is sometimes profitable to look back upon one's past conduct."

Sir Herbert assured him, with great sincerity, that he already felt infinitely interested in every thing that concerned him, and requested that he would not make it more brief on his account, as he was persuaded every thing that fell from his lips would tend to his improvement, and command all his attention.

Raymond, with gravity becoming his years, but with a latent spark of warmth and youth, inspired by the company of a countryman, (a luxury he had not for a long time enjoyed) began his narrative in the following words:

E 6

"I am

“ I am the younger Son of Sir Edward Cornwallis, whose extensive possessions you may have heard of, if at all acquainted with the families of consequence, in the western parts of England.

“ My Father married early in life, a Lady of family and fortune—two circumstances much estimated by the world, but they were light in the scale with Sir Edward, when compared to her merit, beauty, and fine accomplishments; but, in order to draw a contrast the more striking, between her and his second unfortunate choice, I must enlarge upon her perfections from the character she bore in general, as I have not the exquisite recollection of her, or of a Mother’s endearments; for, sad to relate, I lost her when only three weeks old.

“ She was esteemed one of the most perfect female models, both in life and death; her modesty, understanding, and elegance, were unparalleled: the charms  
of

of her person could only be eclipsed by the beauties of her mind. She was humble and religious; the tenderness and delicacy of her sentiments peculiarly recommended her to my Father, who was the object of her best affections, and his acknowledged worth justified her attachment to him. When he thought his lot blessed beyond example, death put a period to the existence of this incomparable woman: she caught cold in her last confinement, and bore the most excruciating pain, and all the stages of her disorder, with the utmost patience and resignation. In her last moments, she addressed my Father most pathetically upon the subject of my forlorn and helpless state, recommending *me* in a most *particular* manner to his fondest attentions. ‘When I behold,’ said she, ‘this innocent babe, and reflect upon the loss a Mother is at so tender an age, I feel my heart, even yet, attached to life; but I find my dissolution approaches fast: let me consider that I intrust my child to the best of men, who will *not* forsake him; in this,



this, I must take comfort.' She uttered many pious ejaculations for the children she was to leave behind, and letting a tear fall upon the hand of her beloved Husband, and casting a look of maternal tenderness on me, she fell back and breathed her last. ' Pardon me, Sir,' said Raymond, ' if I am most sensibly affected by these parts of my relation: I never think of the anxiety she expressed at her death for me, but I consider it as a presage of the uncommon misfortunes she was leaving me to encounter.'

" My Father was one of the most amiable men living; his youth had been distinguished by a tender and conscientious discharge of his duty to his parents; no wonder then, that he was a pattern of conjugal affection. In his marriage with my Mother, peace and serenity attended him in his house; happy in his choice of such a companion, he was diligent in the discharge of his parental duty: upon her death I became peculiarly the object of his

his care, and for twelve years, was hardly from his sight. Happy moments! ‘The flowers of the field rejoice not so much at the vivifying splendor of the morning sun, as should the child in the gladdening presence of an affectionate parent.’ The moments of his fondness, I cannot even at this distant period, remember without rapture and delight: he watched me with all the tenderness of a *Mother*—strange then, that *any* influence could alienate the affections of the best of Fathers from a darling Son.

“Not to fatigue you, Sir, there came to settle in our neighbourhood, a family of some consequence, with whom my Father became extremely intimate: they had a Daughter, who was, unhappily for me, extremely handsome. I am perhaps prejudiced, when I declare, that I do not remember any other perfection she possessed. A few superficial accomplishments adapted to shew the graces of her person, I know she had acquired; and *with these*  
she

she won the affections of my dear Father; who led her to the altar; and miserable has been the tenor of my days since that moment. For a time, she thought of nothing but dissipation, hurrying my Father from one scene of gait to another; of course his children were neglected, and I, who had been his chief care, was consigned to the direction and attention only of hirelings. When tired of indulging this capricious woman, he returned with less appearance of benevolence and good humour, than I had been accustomed to witness in him. If he spoke by any chance *to me*, it was with chagrin, or in a manner more cold than I could support from a parent who had so fondly loved me. To indifferent spectators, there appeared a weight upon his brow: in short, he felt all the remorse which a man of sense and rectitude generally experiences, if not acting up to the dictates of conscience. Happy in his first connection, where beauty and merit were so uncommonly united, he now grew discontented and mortified,

at



at finding only external charms, where he had expected many virtues.

“ To a desire of being universally admired, Lady Cornwallis added a larger share of vanity than ever woman possessed: but not to dwell longer upon her character, I shall confine myself to those particulars which most affected *me* through life.

“ After her marriage she soon became overbearing, and obtained an ascendancy over the will of my Father, whose *failing*, (if I may be allowed the expression) seemed to be over-gentleness of disposition: although she had pretended great affection for me before they were united, she soon dropped the mask, and I saw very little of it, or indeed of her, afterwards. It soon became her first object to wean my Father's affections from me, and she began by perverting and misrepresenting all my actions; using every unworthy means (in which she was too successful) to make me  
appear

appear artful and designing: pretending, that she had detected me in hypocrisy and falshood, in many instances, which I cannot now recollect, and as she is gone, wish to forget, as I have long forgiven. I had sense, however, then to perceive her drift, though I knew not how to remedy the evil. As I advanced in years, she reflected, I suppose, how much *I had been* beloved by my Father, and the growing resemblance I was said to bear to my Mother, (whose virtues she could not bear named, without visible emotion) and conceiving it possible, when I was of age to detect her arts, and plead my own cause, I might open my Father's eyes, she lost no time, and left no falshood untried, to insure and hasten my destruction: she not only deprived me of my Father's tenderness, but undermined me so much with my eldest Brother, that, unnatural as it may seem, he became an accomplice with her in consigning me to poverty and disgrace. They affected to discover daily, new traits of evil in my disposition; ingratitude to  
my

my Father, they particularly alleged against me; but, thank God, I have not that crime to accuse *myself* of; and my Son's duty to me (supposing a retribution in this world) sets me entirely at my ease on that account. Excuse, Sir, the prolixity of age—I fear my narrative becomes tedious.” Sir Herbert with great sincerity, as well as politeness, assured him to the contrary, and he proceeded: “I loved my Father almost to distraction, and felt, therefore, in proportion the loss of his parental affection; at times my dejection became visible to every one in the Castle, though no one ventured to express any compassion for me, or belief of my innocence, excepting the woman who had been my nurse, and was married to my Father's own servant. They were the only friends I could depend upon, and though poor, they were worthy, and found means in the course of my life, to serve me essentially. They were acquainted with my natural disposition, and saw I had never deserved the injurious treatment I hourly received.

Bernard



Bernard (for that was the man's name) ventured once or twice to expostulate, but without effect; in short, he wept with me on many occasions, and on that particularly, which the most cut me to the heart. The memory of my beloved Mother was justly dear to them, but that was, in those days, no recommendation at the Castle; on the contrary, my Lady became their most inveterate enemy, and she determined they should be dismissed her service. As for me, Lady Cornwallis and my Brother, in order to further their plans, contrived that I should be sent to sea, where I could neither molest or interrupt their schemes for my destruction; and as they took care my life should be miserable at home, I easily consented to the proposal. For some time before I quitted the Castle, I was kept at an unusual distance from Sir Edward, and treated, even by himself, like an out-cast; I therefore, departed with little regret. The cold adieu I received from my dear Father almost overcame me in the minute of separation,

nation, and all my Mother came into my eyes. My innocence I carried with me, of that they could not deprive me.

“As I took delight in my profession, and had a constitution vigorous, as the element was boisterous on which I embarked, I was not long melancholy; and as I became chearful, I more, and more reflected with inward satisfaction, that I was innocent of the offences alleged against me, especially of all disobedience to my parent. In some storms and other dangerous situations, in which the life I had entered threw me, I found *that* indeed a haven, (pardon the expressions of a professional man) an anchor, from which nothing could drive me: indeed, I never entirely despaired, but that some day it might be in my power to clear myself, and soften Sir Edward into returning love. I constantly wrote to him, in the most affectionate and respectful terms; and to these effusions of my heart, I never received an answer.

answer. When money was remitted, it was through the hands of my Commander.

"I served, I must say, with credit, and accounts were sent home constantly, of the exertions I had successfully made, in several engagements with the enemy, but of this no notice was ever taken.

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## CHAP. X.

"**A**T the end of hostilities, I had no alternative but to return to the Castle. Anxiously did I long (though tremblingly) for the moment in which I should appear, once again, in the presence of my honored Father. Judge for me, Sir, what were my feelings, when (after the dangers I had encountered, and the honors, my youthful mind made me *suppose*, I had deserved) I was told by the porter 'that it was impossible to admit me.' No intreaty, no persuasion, could induce him to acquaint Sir Edward, even that I was at his gates. He said, and with marks of confusion and sorrow, 'that my Lady had given repeated and peremptory orders, that I should be driven from the doors, if I presumed to approach them, nor was my being there,

upon

upon any account, to be announced.  
The fate of the two faithful servants, I have before mentioned, rendered this man obedient to her commands, thus implicitly.

“ Lady Cornwallis’s attendant (who came with her into the family) was her willing agent against me, and had intercepted all the letters from my Captain, and *written* others dictated by her Lady, of a different tendency; in short, their forgeries were of the blackest nature, calculated to prevent, as they believed, my Father’s ever wishing to behold me again. God forbid my Brother should have either joined in suppressing the genuine epistles, or in their base arts to ruin me: at times I confess *I have had doubts* no ways honorable to him on that subject.

“ The treatment and intelligence I met with at my Father’s mansion, where I was born, *and had been so tenderly loved*, filled me at once with sorrow and indignation against

against those who combined for my destruction. I had heard enough to convince me that remaining at the gates would be equally ineffectual and improper: with a heart almost torn with anguish, I turned my back upon them, and went in search of Bernard and his Wife, who had been discharged for being well-wishers *to me*, who was now destitute of other friends. They received me most respectfully, testifying the sincerest attachment; and I learned, with no small degree of *satisfaction*, that my Father had called twice, and that in the last conversation he had honored them with, he had discovered suspicions of what he called *foul play* towards me, having accidentally found a letter from my commander, in a different hand-writing, and giving me a different name from all those he had received. ‘I shall be better qualified soon,’ said he, ‘to unravel this mystery, and shall *do justice* if I have been deceived.’ My heart was cheered with this intelligence, and *hope*, with all its comforts, now again became an inmate in my

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breast; but I was much shocked in the midst of this ray of light, to hear that I had lost a beloved Sister, two years older than myself, and whom I had left in perfect health: in her latest moments she had ventured to recommend me to my Father's care and *forgiveness*, (if I had offended him) in consideration of our Mother, and the affection he bore her. This was a sad addition to my other woes, although she escaped from the tyranny to which I was a victim.

"When I quitted the porter, I took the precaution to request, that as I could not enter, he would conceal my having been at the gates, and in order to secure him, and to strengthen my intreaty, I slipped some money into his hand—but he was communicative: that very night he whispered it, *in confidence*, to a favorite, and it went through the family from the same bias, till it reached my Lady.

"Some days after I had taken up my  
tempo-

temporary abode at Bernard's cottage, I was composing a letter for my dear deluded Father, in hopes of being able to convey it in safety, when he surprised me by riding to the door. He enquired of Bernard's Wife if he was within, who informed him that her Husband was at work in the garden, upon which he alighted, and I had just time to make my escape, thinking it would be too presumptuous to appear in his presence, after the orders that had been given to the contrary; if not *by him*, he certainly had sanctioned, by not contradicting them. I met Bernard, (who had been induced to quit his work instantly by the voice of Sir Edward, which he had heard in the garden) and I intreated him not to mention my being there, unless he found it necessary, and saw symptoms of returning affection in the breast of my honored parent.

“ My Father related to him the circumstance of my having been turned from his door, and seemed much hurt at the

scrupulous exactness of his porter, in obeying the orders he had received. ‘Oh, Bernard,’ said he, ‘could I imagine that this ungracious boy had repented of his behaviour towards *me*, and had not deserved the *many* ill epithets given him upon such various occasions, I would yet see, and pardon him—Strange, that a disposition so naturally good, should have first shewn itself altered in so extraordinary a manner, by ingratitude to a Father who loved him without bounds:’ then looking at Bernard with a scrutinizing eye, as if he meant to read his thoughts, he added, ‘I *sometimes* flatter myself we have, in some instances, been deceived, and that matters against him have been exaggerated to Lady Cornwallis, as well as myself:’ here he paused, but Bernard making no reply, even in my favor, (for he thought it then improper) my Father, with visible marks of disappointment, asked, ‘If I had called at the cottage?’ and being answered in the affirmative—‘How,’ resumed my Father, ‘did he  
brook



brook the treatment he received at my door?" "Oh, Sir, it afflicted him to the soul; the death of his dear Sister too! that information cut deep. How *could* any one dare, Sir, to accuse Mr. Raymond? surely, my honored master, you have been imposed upon, for there does not live a more dutiful Son, or a better young man, I will be bold to say."

"My Father listened to this defence and praise, with emotion and tokens of *surprise*—'Let him then *prove* his innocence, and I will gladly receive him to my arms, *his* joy on the occasion can never equal *mine*.' I could hardly suppress my desire of seizing this opportunity of clearing myself, and it might have been better for me if I had, but Providence ordered it otherwise; I knew I did my duty, and I am satisfied.

"There must be some strong and certain proofs that I have been deceived;" resumed my Father, 'for his defence, *if*

it proves his innocence, happen when it will, must make material alteration in my family, and it behoves him therefore to be correct; tell him so from me, Bernard, if you see him, as I suppose and hope you will.

“ Bernard then related to him every thing he had gathered from me, and expressed such strong belief, and sanguine hopes that I had been injured, and could prove it, that Sir Edward departed comforted, with the pleasing hope, if not convinced, of my innocence.

“ My sensations at the sound of my loved parent's voice, were nearly insupportable: I approached the door almost breathless, and had nigh thrown myself at his feet; but I have the consolation of recollecting that I checked my inclination, however strong, and that I acted with propriety.

“ I should have told you, Sir, that my  
Father

Father had signified his pleasure, that, whatever proofs I could adduce, should be through these honest friends; I therefore wrote to my late commander, informing him that my Father had never received his letters; and as it concerned my future happiness and welfare, I intreated him again to take the trouble of giving me some testimony of the opinion he and my shipmates had entertained of my conduct and abilities; but that having enemies, who I suspected capable of suppressing any thing which might appear to favor me, I desired he would address the letters to me, at Bernard's Cottage.

"I received immediate answers; and the favor was granted in the most flattering terms, perhaps much more said in my praise than I deserved. Bernard's honest heart glowed with friendly warmth upon the occasion, and I own I felt exultation myself at having in my hands such honorable testimonials of my good behaviour;

such



such as I imagined my Father had required.

“As these good people had been forbid to approach the Castle, a difficulty presented itself how the papers which contained my exculpation could be delivered to Sir Edward Cornwallis, when an accident happened, which in the sequel proved most unfortunate, but which, at first, I thought lucky, as it furnished an effectual opportunity of explaining every thing to him in the most satisfactory manner, for me and my defence.

“Bernard, who was in a field adjoining to the cottage, saw Sir Edward at a distance, riding towards it—his horse took fright at that moment, at what object I know not, but he started so unexpectedly, and at the same time with a bound so violent, that my Father came to the ground: with terror at seeing so dreadful a fall, Bernard hastened to give his beloved master every relief, and as no limb was fractured,

tured, intreated he would enter the cottage till his carriage and assistance could be sent for, which he reluctantly complied with, saying, ' His motions had been watched of late, and much discontent reigned in his household: I was coming *alone*, Bernard, to know the result of what we talked upon, when last I saw you; it has never been out of my thoughts since we parted, and I *must* know the truth without delay.'

" He complained of an inward pain, which alarmed his faithful domestic; but fearing, if he lost this opportunity, another might not soon present itself, he gave him the papers which contained what was as dear to me as life. Amidst his pain and uneasiness, he read them with great attention, and strong marks of satisfaction.

" My eyes are opened—where is my Son—let me, if he is here, enfold him in my arms, and if possible, *yet* atone for my unmerited unkindness to him." I could refrain no longer, but was in a moment

prostrate at his feet: he had scarce strength to raise me; when he did, he threw his arms about my neck; *there* locked in a fond embrace, I was speechless with delight. 'Alas! Raymond, my dear Son, how cruelly hast thou been treated!' 'Name it no more, Sir,' said I, at last, 'it is enough that I *now* see my Father, my first friend, and the early director of my youth; that he feels the same affection for me he did, when by his instruction and example he first called my youthful spirit forth. Oh, my Father! not an instant in my life have I ceased to love and honor you.'

"No more on that subject, Raymond, I cannot bear it; I believe you—you draw tears from your wretched Father, who has often felt, poignantly felt, for your sufferings; but the film, blessed be God, is now taken from my eyes, I *hope*, not too late, if my life is spared, we may *yet* be happy.'

"We now remained near an hour together,



gether, I may, with truth, say, the happiest in my life; and had not evident symptoms of pain (which he endeavoured, in vain, to conceal) given rise to much alarm in my breast, I should have been, just then, the most happy of the sons of man. He repeatedly gazed at me with the tenderest concern—asked about my health—said (while a tear found its way down his manly cheek) that I resembled my Mother, whose memory was ever dear to him: when he mentioned my Sister, we mingled our tears of sorrow together; but he bid me be comforted, that *I was now his only child*, and that my happiness should, in future, be his peculiar care.

“The affectionate hearts of Bernard and his Wife overflowed with sympathetic joy, at a scene so interesting; ‘Blessed be my humble roof,’ said he, ‘which has witnessed a day like this; no pleasure in this world could equal this; the deserving child of our *dear mistress* is again blessed with the affection of his Father.’ Just then,

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then, his Wife saw the carriage coming along the road, of which she gave intimation, and with some concern added, 'My Lady and Mr. Cornwallis are in it, Sir Edward.' They both entered the room, with more anger and vexation in their looks than grief for the accident that had caused their arrival. 'Retire, my dear Raymond,' said my Father, 'and when you have made your preparations, return, and go *with me* to the Castle.' Lady Cornwallis looked petrified with astonishment, and in the most stately manner, exclaimed, 'Do you suppose, Sir Edward, that I will condescend to go in the same carriage with that infamous young man?' 'Madam,' replied my Father, with freezing coldness in his manner, but most determined, 'he shall certainly take *that* gentleman's place: beware,' said he, raising his voice, 'who appears *most* infamous in the sequel.' 'Poor infatuated man!' returned her Ladyship, striving, in vain, to hide her confusion, 'take care you are not the dupe to his deep dissimulation and  
cunning:

cunning: *his treachery* ought to be well known to you.

“ I was entering the room at this instant; but I cannot describe to you my rage and indignation; I was for a moment deprived of speech; at length my anger found utterance, and I told her, ‘ That as a woman, and the Wife of my honored Father, *revenge* was out of the question. Your conscience tells you, Madam, that you have slandered an innocent person, by means the most wicked; and though you have, I thank Heaven, failed in doing me the most irreparable injury, you have it still to answer for—*may you* meet pardon at the day of retribution—I forgive you, which, I believe, is as much as you can expect from one, whom your vengeance had so cruelly marked for destruction.’ My Father’s presence and the misfortunes I had already experienced, had given me consideration, or my rage, at hearing her last words, would have impelled me, I am fearful, beyond the bounds



bounds of moderation; but I am thankful, that the lessons I had learned in the school of adversity, had softened, not added, to the asperity to which we are, at times, too apt to yield, when crosses assail us in this world.

" We returned in the carriage without much further conversation. Sir Edward was in pain, which occupied my thoughts, and her Ladyship was engaged, I am afraid, in forming plans not much to *my* advantage, but not more likely to ensure *her* happiness. My Brother had viewed me without apparent pleasure or affection, which rather wounded my feelings, but I was, in some degree, disarmed of my anger, when I saw him walking home with a blush of shame upon his cheek: when I gave it to *sorrow* for his behaviour to me, I hope I placed it to its proper motive.

" The day following my Father appeared *very* ill; I vainly flattered myself that agitation of mind, in some measure, occa-

occasioned it, but I was deceived; that, indeed, might increase it, but he had in his fall received some inward bruises, which it was not in the power of medicine to relieve: alas! Sir, he only lived a few days. When he found his dissolution at hand, he attempted to alter his testament in my favor, and for that purpose his lawyer was sent for, but before he could arrive, my Father's senses failed him, and he never recovered them sufficiently to sign a second will; in short, Sir, he expired in my arms, and bequeathed me only his blessing: how much I preferred that, to riches without it, I leave you to judge. The goodness of your heart will tell you, that it was a companion, to which wealth was dross: the other has remained my consolation ever since, in every difficulty, of which, I have had my share. I have forgiven my enemies all the painful moments they have occasioned me, as they could not prevent my personally attending my dying parent. I followed his dear reliques to the grave, in which pious office

office, I neither found interruption or a competitor: and now having no business at the Castle, I once more turned my back upon the abode which had been my Father's, now the property of my Brother. Quite overcome with the transitions I had lately experienced, I returned to Bernard's, where I was seized with a violent illness, and neither Lady Cornwallis or her companion took any notice of me, during my disorder; however, the kindness and attention the good people gave me, with whom I had taken shelter, enabled my constitution (naturally good) to overcome my distemper; but it was long before the mind (where it had taken deepest root) could eradicate it sufficiently for me to attempt any plan, by which I might make my way in life. At length Time's healing hand, and my youth, subdued the remains of it; when taking an affectionate leave of my worthy, though humble benefactors, I departed in search of my Captain, whom having found, he soon employed all his interest to get me reinstated



stated in my former situation. A cruise we made, carried us to the Coast of Holland, where I landed, and, for the first time, saw my late Wife. She was amiable, and perfectly engaging; likewise the daughter of an English officer, who was lately deceased, and had left her in extreme distress. I was young, and a *sailor*; of course generous and inconsiderate. Her goodness and beauty at once gained my heart, and her helpless situation, far from country and friends, drew me to her so irresistably, that we joined our desperate fortunes, and I became her Husband and protector. Alas! we lived only one twelvemonth together. It is an extraordinary and melancholy truth, that my Son and myself, at our entrance into life, have both been *marked* with misfortune, having been each the innocent causes of our Mother's death. I exerted all my fortitude, more for the sake of the dear pledge she had left me, than my own, to bear the severe loss. I often pressed the dear babe to my breast, vowing that he should never know

know the misfortunes I had met with, through a second marriage, and I religiously kept my word. When my boy was of a proper age, I gave him all the instruction in my power, with whatever I could afford to procure him from others; but as my means were scanty, I could only give him my own profession, which he was not calculated to encounter, having partook of his Mother's delicate constitution: however, I tried to season his mind to whatever accidents might befall him, and endeavoured, very successfully, to implant such seeds of honor and of integrity, as I knew would make him respectable, and if not happy, ever at peace with himself. The soil was naturally good, and, I am proud to say, I have received ample recompence for the pains I took. In the course of years, he belonged to a ship on a Mediterranean station, and in consideration of his ill health, he was permitted to try the salutary air of Nice, where it was his destiny to lodge in a house, in which a beautiful young lady was attending a sick

Aunt :

Aunt: they became mutually attached, and, against the consent of her relations, they were imprudently married. This step plunged them into difficulties and distresses, which have never diminished their affection, the ardour of which, is as fresh at this day as when they were first united; but alas! that has made them *feel* their imprudence only more, as they see that they have entailed poverty upon a large and helpless family. I was in England at the time, or my advice *might* have prevented it, at least, till more propitious days had crowned their union. Not to dwell *long* on a subject rather painful, I shall proceed to inform you, that notwithstanding the utmost œconomy and good management, they were in perpetual difficulties, and were under the dire necessity of contracting debts; in consequence of which he was thrown into prison, where he would have dragged on, or finished a wretched existence (which would too probably have involved her, who never left him) had they not been snatched from  
it



it by the liberality of an English merchant, who was acquainted with her family, and who I had once an opportunity of serving, when on foreign duty.

“ He pleaded their cause with all the generous warmth of friendship, and when he found *that* unavailing, and that forgiveness and assistance was peremptorily denied, he gave them liberty himself, and, in the most delicate manner, made them accept of a considerable sum, which, *on their account*, he said he should be happy to have *repaid*, if ever affluent circumstances put it in their power.

“ He left them : great was their regret, and their astonishment no less, when they found he had purchased this cottage, *in their name*, and for their use ; he left a letter, advising them to settle here, where my Son’s health might be preserved.

“ With what gratitude do we all remember his liberality ; and constantly pray  
to

to the great dispenser of rewards and punishments, that he will graciously bestow upon him every earthly happiness; but it was a great and noble action, and, in some degree, carries its reward along with it.

“The legacy which my children are gone to receive, will enable them to repay him, but the debt of gratitude will remain for ever, as it ought. Louisa’s Aunt rather relented before her death, and she has left her an inconsiderable part of her immense fortune, the remainder is bequeathed to a distant relation, in consequence of Louisa’s disobedience and imprudent marriage.

“I will not trespass more upon your time, Sir, having taken up too much of it already; let me only remark, that Lady Cornwallis survived my Father but a few years, and I have never heard that my Brother has repented of his cruelty towards me. My distresses have been exquisite, and nature has sometimes drooped for  
for

for want of necessary support. My Son I found settled here in this sequestered spot; his ill health, and my declining years, have been impediments to us in advancing our family, but my dear Daughter has employed some of the accomplishments she acquired when a girl, and has most industriously turned them to our support. I have reason to lament that I have, of late, been a sad *incumbrance* to them: enfeebled by an attack, which I was seized with, two years since, I have scarcely stirred from hence, or indeed left my chair, but their mild, affectionate, and dutiful behaviour has never given me cause to perceive that *they considered me an inconvenience*: here ends my prolix narrative.—May angels guard your slumbers.” They then, at a very late hour, separated.

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## CHAP. XI.

**S**IR Herbert had not long retired to rest, when he was awakened by a loud knocking under his window; instantly jumping up, and opening the casement, he perceived a peasant at the door, who taking him for Raymond, informed him, that his Son and Daughter were in a most perilous situation; having been robbed and maltreated, in an adjacent wood, where they were left, fast bound by cords to trees, and required immediate assistance; he said, he was afraid to attempt it alone, as, it seems, the robbers had threatened to return, if they heard the least noise, till they were out of the reach of discovery.

Sir Herbert could hear no more, but desiring him to get what aid in his power, he  
pro-

proceeded to call up his servant, and Sir Albert's, determined not to disturb the venerable Raymond, who had been so much agitated in the recital of his woes, and must be totally unequal to fresh alarms, after such painful retrospection.

The peasant, who had alarmed Montgomery, happened to be going to some distant work earlier than usual, and passing near to where this accident had happened to the children of Raymond, he knew the voice of his Son, and soon learned the extent of their disaster. The poor fellow would have encountered any risque to liberate them, but they would not permit it, lest the savage threats of the banditti, which still dwelt upon their minds, should be realized; they desired he would go to the hamlet, consult with their friends, and bring assistance, equal in numbers to the robbers, should they return, which they thought likely. Fortunately the servants belonging to the guests in the cottage, with Sir Herbert, and the peasant, were quite suffi-

insufficient for the undertaking. They were soon armed, and found no difficulty in releasing the captives, and very shortly returned with them to their dwelling, having seen no traces of the plunderers, whose business it was to remove from the scene of action as fast as possible, and who seldom neglected, on these occasions, what concerned their safety, although they were constantly seeking opportunities of incurring hazard.

Louisa was terrified, but not hurt; her Husband having made a formidable resistance, was much so; some cuts, and many bruises he had sustained in the unequal strife, but he was soon overpowered and plundered, though not materially injured by his wounds.

It appears that they had imprudently waited in the town for a person who was to return with them, and when they set off, they were not justly aware of the lateness of the day. One of their mules



becoming lame, greatly retarded them, and in a thick part of the wood, about a mile from their home, the ruffians rushed upon them, taking away the amount of their legacy, and whatever valuables they possessed.

Sir Herbert returned with speed as soon as their deliverance was accomplished, fearing that gossip fame should be before-hand, and alarm the peaceful family: he came just in time to quiet them; the bustle had roused Raymond, and as it was Annette's hour for commencing her daily work, they had perceived something was in agitation, but knew not what. The old man, anxious for his children, who not being returned, had them in his thoughts immediately when he beheld Montgomery enter, luckily time enough to prevent any uncertainty on the subject. They made their appearance soon after, and there never was a more tender meeting than Raymond's with these props of his declining years.

The

The robbery was forgotten for a while, and their escape with life, excited all their gratitude and joy.

When Louisa afterwards beheld Annette and her children shedding tears of *delight* around her, she remembered, with bitter regret, their recent loss; but the painful, though not dangerous, condition of her Husband, now demanded all her sympathy, and called off her thoughts from a subject that was too much for her after her late alarms.

Acknowledgments to Sir Herbert were most gratefully given, but he required them not, having been amply gratified in serving them; he then immediately went to his friend, and with pleasure found that he had rested well, and was much recovered from fatigue and sickness. He briefly related to him every thing that had passed, with the outlines of Cornwallis's story, and he was delighted to observe what an interest Percy took in it, and the

attention he gave to every circumstance. The moment he had finished, he said to him, "Dear Montgomery, return to Raymond and his family, tell them I am a near neighbour of his Brother's, though I cannot say that I am personally acquainted with him, but his estate is contiguous to mine. I have heard him lately, well spoken of; and moreover tell them, for that is of most consequence (and should have first been *told you*) to make themselves easy under their present misfortune, as I have happily the power, and certainly the will, to render their situation comfortable in future."

Sir Herbert never complied with more pleasure to himself than upon this occasion. But Percy, whose grief only made him seek retirement when it did not interfere with humanity, was not satisfied with sending his friend; he soon dressed, and then introduced himself to the now happy family, and experienced, with true satisfaction, comforts of his own creating.

He



He stopped their effusions of gratitude, at once, "My dear countrymen," said he, "I have long since heard of your exile and misfortunes, pitied, and wished to redress them if in my power, and I shall ever look upon it as a most happy chance that threw me upon your *hospitality*. Let us think, at present, of your Son's wounds, and your Daughter's fears, and let us do every thing to cure one, and by that means allay the other: I am a poor invalid too, and shall be glad of staying here for a few days, if you will extend your *hospitality*: under this comfortable roof, with your care and advice, I shall, perhaps, gain strength and health to go forwards, with more ease and less danger."

The casual meeting at the cottage was fortunate for all parties. In the distress which the robbery must have involved the family, it is difficult to imagine what steps Cornwallis or his Son could possibly have taken to retrieve their affairs, most probably they would have experienced the

dreadful miseries of *want*, not of *luxury*, but of the very necessities by which we sustain life, and Percy had the supreme satisfaction of snatching them from impending ruin. Glorious opportunity of dispensing happiness! heart-gratifying application of superfluous riches! A whole family, a deserving one too, in which the virtues of age, the beauties of youth, and the innocence of childhood, were united in a high degree, *all* preserved from starving, penury, and destruction, by his bounty, which he could well (and knew how to) spare. It gave a most happy turn to his mind, and employed his thoughts in the way most likely to heal their wounds and assuage his corroding cares.

He resolved to remain some time with them, as we have already related, not merely for the benefit of his health, or to find means of serving them, for in that, there could be but little difficulty, but for the purpose of forming an intimacy, which would make them less scrupulous of accepting

cepting his offers; and by delicately laying himself under what he should term obligation, render his bounty more easy to their feelings. Thus losing his own sorrows, in alleviating the misfortunes of others, he beguiled his time; health, and in some measure, tranquillity, returned, where they had long been strangers. Happy effects of benevolence! which became visible to all, but to none more welcome than to the grateful family, who might be said to have caused them.

Sir Albert promised to make enquiries about the family of Cornwallis, the moment he visited his estate, and Montgomery to take their cottage in his way, on his return to Rouffillon.

Our travellers having now fulfilled some of the duties which man owes to man, and Percy being in better health and spirits, eager haste again took its former strong possession, they bid adieu to the amiable, and now happy, family, who blessed them



at their departure, followed them with their eyes as far as sight could reach, returned to their peaceful habitation, and remembered them in their prayers.



## CHAP. XII.

ALTHOUGH Sir Albert's thoughts had been much engaged by the interest he had taken in the Cornwallis family, yet as soon as they separated, his anxiety returned; his health, however, was improved, even beyond the sanguine expectation of his friend.

He was now to pay a visit in which he anticipated but little pleasure. His Uncle had, *in form*, requested to have their company at Paris, probably, more from a desire of displaying the splendor of his style of living, than from any courtesy or good will towards the travellers. They were apprehensive that the subject of Julia's marriage might be started, which would, it was to be feared, have unpleasant consequences;

sequences; but luckily they were mistaken. The Marquis was either too polite to touch upon any thing under his own roof that was likely to occasion altercation, or too much determined in his own plans to think any discussion necessary.

The form and state with which they were received and treated, was equally disgusting and uninteresting to Sir Albert and his friend, but they considered it as a kind of necessary, but short lived penance, which, as it could not be well avoided, it was as well to bear with a good grace.

The Marchioness affected great affability whenever she was in company with strangers of consequence or fortune. Shallow speculation took possession of her thoughts, and she directly imagined a desirable and probable match presented itself for her Daughter. Her manners were  
neither



neither elegant or agreeable, her features were coarse and masculine, and her voice without softness. She made herself, with all her efforts to the contrary (and they were visible enough) most particularly disgusting to the *present visitors*. Her Daughter much resembled her, though more feminine in appearance, but upon the whole, equally unpleasant; affecting a degree of naïveté, which is most attractive, when resulting from an ingenuous, sensible, and lively mind, but *when put on*, never fails to be the subject of ridicule. At times she attempted to be a *wit*, by satyrically dissecting all her companions, and endeavouring to raise a laugh from her auditors at their expence. Presuming upon her rank, she treated all her own sex with hauteur, bordering upon contempt. She pretended to great charity, but ostentation is the name we must give what she fancied would pass current for liberality; for she never *gave* but from vanity; in short, she was an attempt at every thing

that *appeared* amiable, without, by any means, acting up to the characters she assumed.

With these QUALIFICATIONS for CONQUEST, she pointed all her artillery at our travellers; with what prospect of success we leave our Readers to judge, who already know their penetration and prepossessions. Violante rendered herself particularly odious to Montgomery, by speaking contemptuously of her Cousin Julia, and he did not fail to demonstrate it, by the most sarcastic replies, whenever she presumed to do so in his company; she never entered upon this subject in the presence of Sir Albert, but to his friend, was continually lamenting that such an insipid thing was to be the Wife of *her* Brother. It was very unlucky that this Lady and Julia, in person, resembled each other, and it was whimsical enough, that whenever he observed the likeness, it redoubled his disgust for her, who possessed

no

no attraction but this exterior resemblance.

As Montgomery heard no mention made by the Marquis de Bouillon of the destined union between his Son and Julia, he flattered himself that he had abandoned the idea; but his Nephew knew him too well to encourage so vain a hope; his mind was fixed, and he had never been known to relinquish a favorite project, for he had the largest share of what has been before termed perseverance, in a good cause, and obstinacy in a bad one, that ever man possessed. Unfortunately too, opportunities never seemed to offer for his practising the former, though in the latter he was notorious enough.

Percy was still in so precarious a state of health, that the penance he was now enduring became quite a bar to his recovery. Already he had found this *visit of form* to considerably counteract the salutary effects of the peaceful hospitable cottage



cottage he had left; as soon, therefore, as they could with any decorum, they withdrew themselves from Paris, repaired to England, and in a very few days arrived in the capital.



## CHAP. XIII.

**V**ARIOUS emotions conspired to agitate Sir Albert upon the first sight of his native shores. It brought to his mind afresh the affliction he had endured; all his anxiety and the painful doubts he had respecting Matilda, redoubled as he approached the metropolis: Sir Herbert undertook immediately to make all possible enquiries concerning her fate, for which purpose he put on a proper disguise, and proceeded to the house of Nottingham, where, from the porter, he heard sufficient to calm the apprehensions, and relieve the doubts of his desponding friend, although his information was not of the most *satisfactory* nature.

It seems, the Lady Matilda was then in  
a distant

a distant castle of her Mother's, where she had been threatened with increased rigour if she persisted in rejecting the suit of Beaufort, who was now returned from Ireland, and claimed her hand: he was selfish and indelicate enough to persevere, notwithstanding he knew perfectly well, (in spite of the finesse practised by Lady Nottingham) that she had the greatest reluctance to the union. It appears, that the porter had a Daughter, who happened to be the attendant of Lady Matilda; through her, he was enabled to give this account, and to further add, that Beaufort was now with the Countess of Nottingham, and that a few days after he arrived, Matilda was, in spite of all intreaty, removed to a remote turret, where no one excepting Eliza, his Daughter, was suffered to approach her. It was supposed in the family, that the occasion of this severity was a recent avowal of her sentiments, and determination never to marry the hated Earl.

Percy



Percy was tremblingly waiting the return of his friend; and appeared neither struck with horror, or despair, when he received the account; on the contrary, having pictured to himself events the most irremediable, as well as shocking; he felt inspired by hopes the most reviving, when he found his Matilda *lived*; her misfortunes seemed *light*, and he at once formed plans to extricate her from her present uncomfortable situation, which appeared practicable in spite of her confinement, and the strict obedience with which the Countess's commands were in general obeyed. His countenance brightened in an instant, he embraced his friend, thanking him over and over again for the happy intelligence he brought. The astonished Montgomery beheld him as it were transported *with joy*, at what he (who had never given heed to the PRESAGES of Sir Albert) considered as a very melancholy situation; and he had no idea that it would be in any one's power to extricate the lovely  
Matilda

Matilda from her present cruel confinement. Percy, however, expressed much concern for the extreme harshness with which they treated her, and vowed vengeance against Beaufort. "I will first," said he, "REMOVE *him* far out of her reach: if he refuses to relinquish all pretensions to my adored Matilda, he shall feel the violence of my vengeance; contemptible wretch as he is! how has he dared to afflict so much beauty and innocence; but he shall sue for pardon ere I even make an attempt to see Matilda." Sir Herbert made great allowance for the incoherency of his friend, yet he could not help expostulating upon the impolicy just now of putting his threats in execution, as to the taking vengeance upon the Earl, as it would doubtless give the Countess a fresh plea for removing and concealing her Daughter, and it could only, at the present, contribute to the persecution she was enduring. "Go, my friend," said he, "and *first* endeavour to secure

secure *her* by address, and *afterwards* act according to your feelings, and to circumstances, with regard to the man who would deprive you of such a treasure. Remember, *I* am *ever* ready to aid you, and will attend your call on any occasion, and in any situation, either to promote your happiness, or further your revenge."

Percy attended to the voice of friendship—they parted—Sir Herbert to arrange his affairs, and put them in train to expedite his return to Rouffillon; Sir Albert in pursuit of all he held dear, at that moment, in the universe. In a few hours he arrived in view of THE TURRET THAT CONTAINED, and CONFINED HIS MATILDA; he did not venture even to take with him an attendant, but alone and in disguise, he approached the avenue leading to the Castle; anxiously did he wait for evening, which he judged the least dangerous time to begin his operations: when he drew near, his whole frame became agitated, and he felt it necessary to recede a few steps,



steps, lest his emotions should betray him, when he could sufficiently compose himself, he ventured to ring at the outer gate; the sound reverberated, and he was alarmed by bells answering in several opposite directions; for Matilda's sake, he dreaded this would lead to discovery.

The porter soon attended the summons, requiring in an authoratative voice, "The business which brought him, a stranger, to the gates." "I am," said Sir Albert, "the Brother of Eliza, who has the honor of waiting upon the Lady Matilda." As he could not possibly know she had such a relative, this was a hazardous experiment, yet, to his great joy, it succeeded: the draw-bridge was let down, he was allowed to cross the moat, and being admitted into the court, he was left to await the arrival of his pretended Sister; he saw several persons walking to and fro, and used every expedient to conceal any appearance of rank, insomuch that he was totally disregarded; what his sensations  
*were,*

were, during this interval, we must leave our Readers to *imagine*, for they were inexpressible. The probability of the maid's astonishment leading to a discovery, the possibility (though so near his Matilda) of being, *even now*, forced to depart without the felicity of beholding her, all conspired to agitate him so completely, that when Eliza made her appearance, it was with the greatest difficulty he could articulate.

In the first moment she naturally started, on seeing a stranger when she expected to have met a Brother; but as he foresaw her surprise, and dreaded her alarm, he hastily, though tremblingly, said enough to explain his situation, and his reasons for the deception.

Fortunately, the person whose turn it was to guard the gates, entertained no doubts, or suspicions, therefore paid not the attention it was his business to have done to the stranger he had admitted. Eliza, owing to some late confidential converse

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verse she had held with her Lady, conceived such an attempt possible, from Sir Albert, therefore at once gave him credit; which ensuring his safety, enabled him to have sufficient opportunity to receive the following intelligence:

“That she had been detected of having conveyed, from her mistress, a letter addressed to Sir Albert, and although they could not prevent its safe departure, it had been discovered to the Countess by some of her spies, afterwards.”

It was some time before Lady Matilda could bring herself to confide in this affectionate servant, but her heart at length, torn with anguish, her health declining apace, and perceiving by the manners of her attendant how much she pitied her, and was inclined to offer relief, she resolved to conquer her reluctance, and by relating to her all the melancholy circumstances of her story, acquire a claim to her assistance.

In

In consequence of the trust reposed in her, she immediately provided her Lady with the implements for writing, and indeed every other indulgence she could procure for her; that of pen, ink, and paper, Lady Matilda valued the most, as it put it in her power to express to Sir Albert all the effusions of her heart, and all she was suffering, even patiently, for his sake; the latent hope too, that her letter might lead to her escape, and that, when Percy could trace out the place of her confinement, she might find means to be out of reach of her Mother, now softened the rigour of her misfortunes, and she grew more composed. "Alas!" continued Eliza, (in continuation to Sir Albert) "she was, dear angelic Lady, cruelly deceived; in consequence of their having discovered her writing to you, she was removed from hence, and I was ordered to prepare immediately for departure from her service: they are gone towards Dover, and, I believe, the Earl is with them. It is to be feared some desperate measures



measures will now be taken, for who has she to interfere, or even to assist, as *I* have done, in mitigating her sorrows."

Percy had listened with a countenance of despair to this truly distressing relation, but when he came to the latter part of it, grief, rage, and indignation, almost stifled him, and at length his emotions were an overmatch for his reason: exasperated to desperation, he broke into the most severe invective on the inhuman and unnatural conduct of the vile Countess, and *liberally* bestowed the most contemptuous epithets upon his rival Beaufort, for such base unmanly conduct. "This arm," said he, "shall yet release her from his hateful persecutions, or it shall perish in the attempt." Hastily taking leave of the faithful Eliza, and promising her his everlasting good will, for her kind attention to his dear injured Matilda, *he* proceeded to Dover, pursuing the Countess and her train, with all the ardent speed consistent with a lover in circumstances so calamitous,

tous, which called for every exertion of diligence and expedition.

What a situation was Percy's, when he arrived, and found *that they had sailed!* disappointment and vexation are weak words for what he felt : but on recovering from his astonishment, in despair, he resolved still to follow without delay ; yet it was otherwise ordained, as we shall too soon learn for the future happiness of our hero.

From a severe gale there arose a raging storm ; the winds gave vent to all their fury ; huge limbs were torn from the trunks of aged trees, and soon strewed the ground ; many of these venerable foresters were forcibly uprooted, and lay prostrate. The ocean rising into mountains, bore aloft alike the smallest skiff or the most stately ships, apparently to the clouds, then plunged them down as if to rise no more : vivid lightning and tremendous thunder followed without interruption, or if there

intervened a pause, it seemed to help the hurricane, and render the scene more awful.

The oldest mariners declared they had never seen the like, and the stout-hearted refused to venture, where certain death seemed to be awaiting; and notwithstanding the most liberal offers of Percy, he found not one so mad to undertake, or attempt it. The opinion of persons so skilled, and who are seldom under the dominion of fear, even when real danger seems to threaten, was sufficient to drive Sir Albert now quite into despair; but he was frantic at being informed, that nothing but a miracle could save the vessels that were already failed.

Many days he passed in agonies of suspense, though at moments, illusive hope flattered him, that the virtue and loveliness of Matilda would render her Heaven's peculiar care; but imagine, for words cannot convey an idea of his situation, when



when *certain* intelligence crushed all these vain hopes. The vessel was stranded, and accounts were brought, that every soul had perished, the very vessel in which his Matilda had embarked.

After the shock, he fortunately became insensible to his calamity, and was seized in a manner similar to what he had been in France, but he had now the advantage of able physicians, and once again recovered his senses. With returning REASON he had a distinct view of ALL his misery; THAT REASON, however, told him, that the trials of Matilda were now over, that his enmity to the Countess and even Beaufort, ought to be no more; he also reflected, how much his Mother's happiness, nay, perhaps life, depended upon the exertion of his fortitude; that Julia's safety absolutely was interwoven with his recovery. Incitements and aids such as these, assisted by a natural strong constitution, made him labour successfully against

his sorrow ; his danger first abated, and then disappeared.

Montgomery having heard of the fatal shipwreck, was (during this period) in painful uncertainty about his friend, and had almost given up a hope that he was alive, when a letter arrived, which Sir Albert wrote as soon as his health permitted, and most pathetically described his misery, and the state he had been in. Montgomery was preparing to depart for Rouffillon, being impatient to acquaint Julia that Queen Elizabeth was just dead, and every thing going on as he wished, when he received this summons : " The calls of friendship, and in distress too, set aside all personal considerations ;" he repaired instantly to *the Brother of his Julia*, whose misfortunes demanded all his attention, and who was impatiently waiting the comforts of his society.

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## CHAP. XIV.

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed before the unhappy Percy was able to travel; as soon, however, as he was judged sufficiently recovered to undertake so long a journey, he departed for the seat of his ancestors, accompanied by his faithful friend, Sir Herbert; and although he derived little comfort from the idea of returning to the place of his nativity, some melancholy consolation he anticipated from a perusal of his dear lost Matilda's letter, which her affectionate servant had assured him he would find there; but there was something more like despair in his expression of it, than of resignation and composure.



Montgomery, who had never been in that part of the country, would have felt infinite delight in the views that every where presented themselves, as they approached the Castle, had not the situation of his companion demanded all his attention and compassion: at length the lofty battlements and circular towers of this antique structure at once burst upon their sight. It crowned the rocky summit of a bold, commanding, and romantic eminence, whose rugged and craggy sides, and the surrounding country, were clothed with woods of venerable oak and chesnut; amongst them, the hawthorn, holly, and more humble, but not less beautiful, furze, flourished in rich abundance, and by their luxuriance, gave ample proof of the powerful protection afforded them from the inclemencies of the weather, by their aged, but not feeble, neighbours.

Picturesque scenery every where abounded, and it was impossible to go so far without landscapes opening to the view,

view, which exhibited strong lines of the beautiful and sublime; scenes where a Claude, or a Salvator, might have enriched their fancies, adorned the palaces of the great, and have added, if possible, to their already immortal fame.

Time had much impaired the habitation, but it had wonderfully improved its external appearance, and had left it such as taste and ability, with wealth to improve, would joy to find it. The flow but certain ravages had worn away the traces of architectural uniformity, and to a certain degree, broken the regularity of corresponding parts; the slow creeping, but persevering and aspiring ivy, had in many places taken possession of its stupendous walls, and its masses gave a happy contrast to the grey and weather-worn stone of which it was constructed. A tribe of mosses harmonized the whole; grandeur and magnificence it possessed in a great degree; all conspired to make it, as far as the works of art can be, a most interesting

interesting object to men of any taste or judgment: of late years it had been thinly inhabited, but the eagle and the daw had colonized in various stories of the aspiring turrets, and the starling was often seen to perch upon the vanes, formerly intended to shew the direction of the winds of Heaven, and which, in the glory of the Castle, had glittered " 'gainst the sun in gilded beauty," but were now embrowned with rust, and immoveably fixed upon their spindles.

All within had been repaired for the present comfort of the travellers, but strict charges had been given to prevent any thing like modern alteration, before their arrival.

As they approached within a few miles of the Castle, they were met by the more wealthy of the tenants, who, all well mounted, escorted them to the gates. When they entered the avenues which led immediately to the Castle, a numerous assembly,



sembly, indeed, *all* the vassals met, and most heartily welcomed Sir Albert and Montgomery. In their honest countenances was depicted, in the strongest characters, the joy that the return of their Lord afforded them; and Percy lamented to his heart, the impossibility of his receiving their congratulations with a countenance chearful as their own; he endeavoured, however, to command it sufficiently to meet them with a smile of gratitude, in which, as he felt its impulse, he probably succeeded; but all his efforts could not conceal from their anxious, enquiring, and penetrating observations, that he laboured under a most dreadful dejection of spirits, to which it may be added, they were not sorry to attribute his very visible ill health.

After crossing the bridge which led over the fosse, and entering the stone gothic archways of the Castle, he could not help recurring to the days that were gone. "The last time," said he, to Sir Herbert,

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"that I entered these gates, the Earl of Essex was my companion—I was happy then, and had only joy in view, in the society of my Matilda. Alas! how changed are now my prospects: *her* I shall never more behold, and never-ceasing anguish is my future lot."

The moment he alighted, he eagerly enquired of Wentworth, his steward, for any letters he might have for him, and glancing over them, he instantly, but not without trembling emotion, again saw the well-known characters of his Matilda, and, *for the last time*, addressed to him.

Recovering himself as soon as possible, he gave orders that the gates of the Castle should be thrown open, and that all his vassals should be invited into the great hall, to partake of the liberal entertainment, which the steward had provided to celebrate the return of their beloved master.

Unable .

Unable himself to attend, Percy deputed Sir Herbert to welcome these sincere and honest friends, in his name, with proper excuses and apologies, as his extreme ill health (which they must all have perceived) prevented his *then* having that pleasure himself.

“Tell them, Montgomery, that I request they will again give me an opportunity of meeting them as I ought.” Then returning to indulge the poignant, though in some degree pleasing, melancholy, which Matilda’s dear last legacy had inspired, he left his friend, who directed his steps and attention to the hall, where joy and conviviality had often before presided, and where, it was now to be hoped, they would again take up their abode.

Amidst the festivity, they could not banish from their recollection Sir Albert’s too apparent dejection and ill health, and they united in offering up prayers, that

his native air would promote a complete and speedy recovery.

The moment Montgomery had complied with the wishes of his friend, and that he saw the guests were busily enjoying the ample fare, which Wentworth with ancient hospitality had provided for them, he returned to his grief-worn friend, whom he found in the library, and to his great joy and surprise, with more resignation and serenity than he could have expected, after the employment in which he had been engaged.

It was natural to fear that the long-wished-for letter, instead of proving a balm to his griefs, would have opened them afresh, and made the stabs of sorrow his mind had received, bleed again with redoubled anguish; but its effects were happily different.

To read, in every line, *how much* he had been the object of her thoughts, as well



well as affections; and to see how perfectly she had felt assured of his love and fidelity, which had supported her in every distressful situation, now calmed his agitated mind: melancholy possessed him, but he was evidently in a state of comparative composure.

The friends separated at an early hour, and Montgomery retired considerably comforted by the cheering serenity he observed in his sick companion.

Sir Albert, on his arrival, had desired to have the north wing of the Castle for his apartments; these rooms were endeared to him from their having been the chosen residence of his deceased Father; and being more remote and out of the way, he thought them less liable to interruption than the more inhabited parts of the building, and where, therefore, he could better indulge his privacy and reflections; *now*, the only comforts remaining to him.

With

With a body fatigued, and a mind harassed by contending emotions, exhausted nature at length found relief in profound slumber, which probably might have lasted some hours, had it not been disturbed by a real, or imaginary noise in his apartment: he fancied he saw the side of the room *open*, and from the aperture, he beheld, by the glimmering of the moon through the windows, a tall majestic female, clad in white, forcibly hurried through the room by two ferocious looking men; before he could sufficiently recover his recollection, to ascertain whether it was illusion or reality, something like the same appearance again disturbed him, and the side of the room closed with a hollow sounding noise; but whether dream or phantom, thus confused in his imagination, he could not determine.

He was almost convinced that he had *heard* footsteps in his apartment, and that the persons who passed before him were *real*, and not the workings of his disturbed fancy;

fancy; but the thing was so improbable in itself, and his idea so imperfect, from the soundness of the slumbers his fatigue had occasioned, and from which he was suddenly awakened, that he used every effort to drive those illusions from his thoughts, and compose himself to sleep, but in neither could he succeed, and he left his bed about the time the refreshed husbandman leaves his cottage to commence his daily labour. His curiosity excited him to examine the room, but rather as a matter of course, and in a cursory manner, than from an idea of making any discovery to account for the disturbance he had experienced: feeling, however, completely ashamed of the employment, he quitted the apartment, and went to seek his friend, whom he found enjoying the refreshing morning air, upon a noble terrace, which in part surrounded the Castle, and which commanded a prospect little inferior in beauty to that which is an ornament to the palace of our Kings, and where they had



had both, in happier days, paid homage to Queen Elizabeth.

The distress which was again apparent in the countenance of Percy, did not fail to be observed by Sir Herbert, who, on being made acquainted with the interruption he had had to his slumbers, found little difficulty in persuading him to attribute it to his perpetual disquietude, although, upon a former occasion, which appeared somewhat similar, it had exceeded his powers to produce the like salutary effect, so fully then was Sir Albert convinced that his dream had been more than casual. On their entering the house, Montgomery signified his intention, as his departure was again postponed, of sending dispatches to the south of France, and he expressed a wish that Percy would authorize him to assure them, when he entered into the necessary detail of his misfortune, that he would use every exertion to subdue the melancholy he was now oppressed with.

“ Allow

"Allow me to say, that you will struggle against the weight of your sorrows, (mighty as, I confess, they have been) and even yet, preserve to your country and family, a life so deservedly precious to both."

"You flatter me," answered Percy, with imaginary consequence, "but say what you please, and add, from me, that for a short time I shall remain here, and endeavour to amuse my thoughts, by surveying and improving my estates; and as it is my desire to prevent this truly venerable and noble pile from falling into total decay, I shall give it some necessary repairs, and I shall inspect every part of it in the nicest manner, trusting that these avocations will afford me something like amusement." With more gravity, but greater *affection* in his manner, he added, "should they *not* be instrumental in promoting the end, I am sure *you* so sincerely desire, it may be useful to *my successor*; but I think," and he spoke with warmth and

and feeling, "that however torn and distracted my frame and mind may be at present, I shall once again be able to act as formerly, and perhaps, take an active, nay, honorable share, in the defence of my country."

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## CHAP. XV.

As James had succeeded to the throne, on the death of Elizabeth, Sir Herbert thought it highly incumbent upon him to offer his services, and pay his duty to his Sovereign as soon as possible. The prejudices entertained against him in the former reign, he hoped he could now effectually do away, if any prevailed, and possibly not only be reinstated in his former distinctions, but be in the way of acquiring new honors: seeing his friend therefore, now in a fair way of recovery, and that he had planned for himself sufficient employment, and of a proper nature to prevent his being the prey of grief and ennui, he ventured to disclose to him his intention of leaving him, and for what reasons.

reasons. Sir Albert saw and felt their force *too well* to attempt to delay him, whatever pleasure he derived from his company; but, however anxious he was to enter anew the lists of honor, he still found *himself* weak, and unequal to the attempt. "Go," said he, "my best friend, pursue the path which fame, honor, and, I hope, advantage, now point out to you, and may that Providence which upholds the good and brave, protect and prosper you. Assure my Sovereign, that as soon as his health and returning vigour enable him to support his character in arms, Percy will not waste his time here, in sloth and inglorious ease, but will repair instantly to his standard, and there support his measures, in *that* field he still loves."

They parted, and Percy, in pursuance of the plan before mentioned, began its execution, by visiting the remotest parts of his estate, and making a circuitous tour of considerable length, he had nearly an opportunity of viewing the whole of it:

In

In this employment, he considered the interest of his tenants more than his own benefit, and listened with patient attention to all their grievances, whether of prejudice or reality. By his advice and assistance, where it was necessary, he left them all wonderfully pleased with his condescension, generosity, and goodness; and he brought home with him the blessing and the prayers of all but the unworthy, if any such there were. It may, perhaps, be needless to add, that his spirits and his health were visibly amended by the air and exercise he had taken; indeed, the services it had given him an opportunity of rendering to many of his tenants, had put his mind in a much more desirable state than he had experienced for months past. His grief remained, but it was under the guidance of reason, and the interest he felt in all the offices of humanity, made him bear his sorrows like a christian, and a man. After an absence of several days, he again took possession of the north wing: much pleased with the kindness and affection



tion he had experienced from his dependants, in every part of his domain. Fatigued with the business of the day, and rather overcome by the reflections, the Castle, and the absence of the early friend of his youth occasioned, he acknowledged the necessity of rest, and retired early to his apartment.

As curiosity prompted him to examine the tapestry which was hung round the spacious rooms which composed that wing, he could not refrain looking more particularly (but with some secret shame to himself) upon that part of it where he fancied he had seen what he now considered as a dream, although, at the time, it had undoubtedly made a serious impression upon him, and from which, even then, he could not entirely disengage his mind.

How he reposed during the night, or whether he was again alarmed, we shall not here relate, as we feel it necessary to  
intro-

introduce other subjects, at this time, to the attention of our Readers. In the first place, we must acquaint them, that neither Lady Nottingham or Beaufort shared the fate of the lovely Matilda, although the former only survived her a few weeks, having expired a very short time before the Queen, in all the agonies of remorse, for her cruel conduct to her Daughter, and treachery to the unfortunate Essex.

It seems that Elizabeth had heard of the Lady Matilda's persecutions, and was determined to put an end to them, for which purpose she sent an express to Dover, summoning the Earl and Countess to repair immediately to her presence. The inhuman Mother saw her devoted child embark, and then proceeded to the metropolis, where accounts soon followed her of the fate of the vessel in which Matilda had sailed. The Queen indignant at this disobedience, which had caused such a sad catastrophe, and remembering most poignantly the Countess's conduct towards Essex,

Effex, overwhelmed her, at this moment, with reproaches, which, together with the stings of her own conscience, drove her to despair: she was soon divested of her reason, and having exhibited to the world a spectacle *too shocking to describe*, she died; without having one sympathising friend to close her eyes—no one shed a tear—no one breathed a sigh—Percy *only* recollected that she was the Mother of his Matilda, and offered up a prayer for her salvation, through the mercies of our all-gracious Redeemer.

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## CHAP. XVI.

**W**E must now return to the villa of Lady Percy, where we left her oppressed with grief, and under great anxiety upon Sir Albert's account, from which she was, at no very distant period, much relieved by the affectionate attentions of Montgomery, who wrote to Julia on the eve of his departure from Cornwallis's cottage: his letter not only contained sanguine hopes of his friend's convalescence, but the more agreeable intelligence, that his misfortunes seemed to be soothed; at least his mind was lulled into a temporary forgetfulness of his own sorrows, by the interest he took in those of his countrymen.

Sir Herbert dwelt long on a theme he

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knew

knew was so peculiarly interesting to those he addressed, and as he thought the subject particularly interwoven with the unfortunate circumstances of the family they were with (to redress which, had given such a happy turn to his friend) he added a description of them, and an historical sketch of their misfortunes: he also mentioned the promise which he had been both earnestly and obligingly pressed to give, of taking their cottage in his way when he returned to Rouffillon; and which he had more readily granted, as he knew it would oblige Sir Albert, and by taking charge of his commissions, materially serve them. It were needless to add, that he omitted nothing in his letter which he thought likely to enliven Lady Percy, *or her lovely Daughter*, and to banish, if possible, some portion of their disquietude.

Julia, who had never before received a letter from Sir Herbert, with peculiar delicacy gave it to her Mother, requesting, with great earnestness, that she would  
peruse

peruse it first, which she declining, Julia was *under the necessity* of obeying the pleasing commands of opening it herself, and imparting its contents.

The emotions excited in these ladies (both endowed with uncommon sensibility) were as strong as might be expected, and the poor blushing Julia could neither suppress or conceal how much she was affected by Sir Herbert's assurances of his everlasting attachment. The welcome intelligence contained in this epistle afforded Lady Percy and her Daughter much pleasing conversation, and many satisfactory reflections; in the course of which, they both decisively concluded, that it would be highly improper to suffer the Marquis de Bouillon to remain any longer in ignorance of what had passed; and Lady Percy preferred encountering the whole force of his resentment, whatever might be its consequence to any appearance of duplicity or surreptitious connivance on her part, and therefore resolved



immediately to inform him of the engagement her Daughter had entered into, and the sanction given to it by herself and Sir Albert.

On the following morning Julia rose at a very early hour (though to her not unusually so) and flew on the wings of joy and friendship to her dear Adelaide: she felt unsatisfied till her friend partook of the happiness which such favorable accounts of her Brother and *his companion* had inspired; and she rightly thought too, that the resolution which her Mother had formed, of immediately disclosing to the Marquis the impossibility of her union with Roland, would be calculated to make Adelaide share her joy with *peculiar force*.

Julia had ever found Madame de Vefins, as well as her amiable Daughter, ready to sympathise with her on any extraordinary occasion, and in the present instance she met with no disappointment,  
for

for their friendly hearts were open to receive and to partake of her pleasure in a most sensible degree. Hand in hand, our two lovely nymphs strolled out together; chance, or inclination led their way to some distant wilds, where they felt enchanted with the contemplation of Nature's surrounding beauties. With Julia, every object seemed to smile in fresh and lively colours, and the hopes with which she had inspired her friend, agreeably awakened *her* mind to the delightful scenery on every side. Happy moments in youthful imaginations, when the unforeseen mischances of the world, though every where, and at every moment lurking to endanger us, are not dreaded, because unexpected, and unknown! but how soon do *those* moments pass away, and we feel then, alas! that our lot here below is marked with chequered fortune, in which the bad too oft predominates; yet, happily, we have enough of the divinity within us, (even poor mortals as we are) to see, and feel that our misfortunes (as we perhaps im-

properly call them) lead to that path, *by which only* we can attain happiness hereafter.

The desire of exploring new scenes amongst this wonderful assemblage of beautiful objects, enticed the young friends to wander beyond their usual distance, and further, perhaps, than the limits which prudence ought to have marked.

They chose their way among the woods that hung over the margin of the river; at times obliged to climb the eminences on which they grew, and from whence they afforded umbrageous shelter to the dappled doe and fawn, and to the inhabitants of the stream below, where in its eddies the finny race enjoyed their safety.

Sometimes led on by fancy, at others obstructed in what they imagined their proper path, they at length were bewildered among the thickets, and in vain sought



sought a way likely to lead them home again.

Overcome with fatigue, and dispirited by alarm, their attention was suddenly arrested by the voices of men; thinking too, that the sound approached, they attempted to evade them, but their fears and lassitude rendered their efforts as feeble as their alarms were ill founded, and Adelaide was in a moment overtaken, and in the arms of HER FATHER: embracing her with great apparent tenderness, he introduced his companion and particular friend, Monsieur St. Laurens. If the appearance of her Father was agreeable to Adelaide, the looks of his friend (rivetted upon her face, with matchless effrontery) were equally disagreeable, and put her completely out of countenance.

On their return, Monsieur de Vefins informed them, that he had arrived soon after (as he was told) the ladies had commenced their ramble; he had been di-

rected where to follow them, but was just on the point of abandoning the pursuit, (owing to the intricacy of the mazes) when they were cheered by the sound of female voices; and when, by a glympse of them in one of the openings, they found their chace was crowned with success.

As they proceeded homewards, (which now their fears were away, the ladies did with tolerable ease) Monsieur de Vefins seemed infinitely struck with the beauty and address of his Daughter's companion, and Monsieur de Laurens attached himself unremittingly to the reluctant and shunning Adelaide.

In the evening, when Julia related to Lady Percy her alarms and perplexity, the indulgent Mother could not help smiling at the imaginary danger she had been rescued from; but she was chagrined that Monsieur de Vefins should have been her champion, as he was never known to approach his family of late, without rendering them

them unhappy. This, she too well foresaw, would be the case now. From his late diligent attendance upon gaming tables, where his skill by no means equalled his wish of gain, and where, as he was *still honest*, he could not be upon a par with those he played with, but from whence he could not absent himself, (probably instigated by hopes of retrieving circumstances, which, from affluent, were, by extreme dissipation, become quite the reverse) he now found his affairs in the utmost degree involved, and saw no other means of extrication, but by bartering his Daughter's happiness for a very large sum of money, which he had lost to Monsieur St. Laurens, who agreed that if she would consent to bestow upon him her hand, he would remit *that* debt, and assist him further. The fortunes of De Vefins were desperate—ease and pleasure were all he considered, for his poor Adelaide's happiness and peace of mind, never entered the scale of his imagination. He knew the man to whom he wished to recommend her, was



one of the most dissolute of his companions, and, at least, twenty years older than his Daughter, yet felt no *scruples*, made no *difficulty*, of promising him what he asked, although he probably was sacrificing the entire peace of an innocent and lovely child, to purposes highly selfish, if not infamous.

St. Laurens, to a very good person, united the manners of a court; but his figure and address were not *the* recommendations, though, it is possible, Monsieur de Vefins might gloss over to his conscience the action he meditated, by persuading himself that his friend was formed to make his Daughter happy. A very large fortune which he possessed, and the advantage the fickle goddess had recently given him at play, were the true and only motives by which he was actuated on the present occasion, and those who knew him well, would seldom give him credit for better.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding the attractions of this courtier, (which were, however, as we have hinted before, rather veiled in years) he had ever been an object of detestation to Adelaide; she had heard enough of him to despise his character, and the familiar manner in which he now addressed her, and to which she was totally unaccustomed, rendered her aversion more strong, and its symptoms more pointed than perhaps was polite or prudent.

From what has been said in favor of Madame de Vefins, it can hardly be supposed that she either encouraged or wished such an ill-sorted and incongruous match; her alarmed Daughter found no difficulty in persuading her to urge her Father to give over all idea of what must inevitably plunge her into misery. All the endeavors of this amiable woman to turn her Husband from so ill a purpose, proved ineffectual, his resolution was equally fixed as it was bad; nor could he be moved by any argument their joint soli-

citude could suggest: he would not allow that his friend had been *more* criminally gay than other men of his fashion *usually were*; giving no attention to Madame de Vefins' wish that they should be even singularly *less* so: *his* distinctions probably were far from *nice*, having only associated with those stamped with the same character as himself, and which, it must be confessed, could not bear the slightest scrutiny, without too visibly betraying shades of moral turpitude. No wonder that the piety of Madame, and the youthful purity of her Daughter, should shudder and be disgusted at the bare idea of an union with a character so totally the reverse of Roland de Bouillon. The standard by which Adelaide very naturally weighed and judged of the worth of other men, without, however, finding any who, in her mind, could *bear* a comparison with him.

Adelaide, who could not be supposed to feel the same respect and veneration  
for



for her Father that she would have done, if her Mother had experienced from him more sensibility and affection, *determined not* to yield her hand to one whose ill qualities seemed to make resistance pardonable, and even proper. She had naturally a very high, though not an obstinate spirit, with a degree of resolution somewhat uncommon in so very young a person, and so educated: this she exerted on the present occasion, and was not to be terrified into a compliance, which she thought, in this instance, criminal, even by the threats of her Father, or softened into affection by the insinuating and unceasing intreaties of her artful and importunate lover. Several weeks elapsed without his making any favorable impression, and, in despair, he reproached Monsieur de Vefins for suffering so much time to escape, without some effort of his authority more likely to subdue his mistress than the blandishments he had hitherto employed with such ill success. "The commands of a Father," said he, and probably thought,

thought, "should have great, nay, irresistible weight in affairs of this nature."

Our Readers may not be surprised to know that his love and admiration increased, in proportion as Adelaide's opposition appeared more determined.

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## CHAP. XVII.

ABOUT this time, Roland, by some means, learned the danger which threatened Adelaide's and his future happiness. In an agony of distress, and almost bereft of his senses, he flew to the Marquis, and not considering his character or the views he had formed, discovered to him his attachment; nay, fondly confessed his hopes that he would join in frustrating the intentions of Monsieur de Vefins, whom he considered his enemy. His Father became furious at this avowal of his sentiments, and the *most extraordinary reason* Roland had urged, for wishing the Marquis to intermeddle in the domestic concerns of a man whom he both hated and despised. The contempt, however, in which he held Mon-



Monfieur de Vefins, prevented his fuffering his mind to dwell, even for a moment, upon his family affairs; but, that *his* Son, the heir to all his honors and eftates, whom he had defigned too for another lady, and that lady a great fortune, and his own Niece, fhould dare to wafte a thought upon a connection fo infinitely insignificant, was more than he could bear. All his pride, ill humour, and violence, uncontrollable as they were, difplayed themfelves in emotions little fhort of frantic. Starting from his feat with contemptuous rage marked ftrongly on every feature, he exclaimed, “ Shall the Son of Bouillon, unworthy and pitiful *as he himfelf may be*, form a connection with the Daughter of a bafe, beggared, worthlefs enemy of his houfe? and can he abfurdly have fupposed his Father fufficiently abject to become an instrument, a mean agent in fuch a caufe? no, Sir, *he* knows his duty better; he will repair to Lady Percy; remain you here, at your peril difobey; it will be feen whether you will continue hardy  
enough

enough to indulge propensities so derogatory to the blood that flows in your veins, degenerate as thou art: here, in a few days, you may expect Julia; when she arrives, you will find your fate is fixed: we shall see then who presumes to dispute *my* commands."

-Well as Roland knew his Father, and the violent haughty pride, which in heady gusts of passion led him away, he could not help feeling astonishment at the vehemence of his present declaration, which he certainly did not expect from the opening he had given to the conversation, but though much struck, he was neither abashed or out of countenance.

The danger his beloved Adelaide incurred, the very unreasonable behaviour of his Father, and the harsh language he had just been exposed to, served to reanimate and give spirits to his before dejected mind; but he well knew any attempt to argue with a man wholly given up by habit  
to

to the rage of passion, (and now in an extreme paroxysm of its baneful influence,) was both unprofitable and improper; with a respectful bow, therefore, he left his presence, just saying, that "*He felt he inherited some of the blood, which hitherto he had not disgraced, and which now forcibly instructed him that it was prudent to avoid insult, where it was unmerited, and could not be resented.*"

As Roland considered it a part of his duty to attend upon his Father afterwards, notwithstanding the altercation before related, he could not help observing the turbulent agitation of his whole demeanor; he perceived that he had every thing to apprehend from the violent and unwarrantable opposition which he meant to give the attachment he had lately revealed. The beauty and amiable qualities of her who had inspired it, which he had heretofore contemplated with such ineffable pleasure, now occasioned to him grief and sorrow, and he almost reflected with surprise



prise on his having had the temerity to acquaint the Marquis with his fatal passion, persuaded of the implacability of his resentment, which could be compared in durability and strength, to nothing but *the obstinacy of his will*: but he had, no doubt, flattered himself, as young people are too apt to do, that he could have persuaded his Father to see through the same medium as himself, and to yield his fixed purpose to insure happiness to a beloved Son, and to the Daughter of a deceased friend, and Brother, whose memory he had sometimes seemed to regret with marks of affection. In the present moment, he might as well have attempted to stem a torrent, or to atchieve things the most impossible.

The Marquis was by no means in an enviable state of mind; he had seldom met with opposition, nor could he bear it from his Son, without feeling, with the keenest sensibility, the mortification as well as indignation, his being contradicted had occasioned.

caſioned. With haſty ſtrides he traversed to and fro his ſuperb apartment, ſtamped upon the ground, ſmote his forehead in an agony of paſſion and diſappointment, burſt forth into loud exclamations and invective, even againſt his whole eſta- bliſhment, and ordered his equipage and attendants to be prepared immediately: he reſolved to go to Rouſillon, and by ſpeed and vigour put an end to embar- raſſment, which he was not framed to endure.

All the leſſons which, by this imperious nobleman, had been induſtriouſly incul- cated into his Son's mind, had taken but little effect; for he ſtill thought that there was ſomething in the world *equal to rank*, and, perhaps, of more value than riches. In few words, every effort to give him the ſame bent of inclination with his Father, had (happily for ſociety and his own peace of mind) a direct contrary tendency, and they had left him charitable, humane, and unassuming. He had thoſe characteriſtics which

which *should* mark the gentleman, without the servility which sometimes accompanies *low* birth, and has been even observed in high rank. It is true, his Father had ever kept him at a distance, and in a state of subordination, equally degrading and out of character; fortunately it had estranged him from his faults—his virtue was unimpaired—his heart was at once ignorant of unsocial hauteur, and the criminal ambition which possessed his parent. More pliability and tenderness might have influenced Roland, and shook his amiable traits, but the Marquis, fortunately, did not attempt to work upon his disposition in a manner calculated to efface its natural propensities.

Whilst matters thus wore an unfavorable aspect to those who deserved better, Monsieur St. Laurens grew extremely impatient; his progress on the heart of Adelaide by no means kept pace with his increase of love for her, or rather he lost ground in retrograde proportion. Had he possessed



possessed either delicacy or sentiment, it had been well for her, but on the contrary, struck with her beauty and accomplishments, he only looked for self-gratification; the happiness of her he adored, was by no means a primary object in his contemplation.

Monfieur de Vefins had often recourse to *threats*, when he found persuasions and advice of no avail; but Adelaide's spirit supplied her with resolution, and she (though in the most respectful manner) told her Father, "it was quite impossible she could ever unite her destiny with that of a man she abhorred; that whatever pain, and even misery, it might give her to cause displeasure to him, *she could not* submit to such a profanation."

De Vefins, at length, ventured to disclose to his Lady the unfortunate state of his affairs, and the only probable mode of *retrieving them*; not at all doubting, that now he had so condescended, she would  
second

second his endeavors, and by persuading Adelaide with effect, procure ease and affluence for the future ; he added many plausible arguments to induce her to further this nefarious scheme, and was as much astonished as confounded, to find she widely differed in opinion with him, notwithstanding his lately assumed affection and attention, which she easily saw through, and gave to their proper motive. A sincere return to those long lost, but still dear affections, might have done much with a Wife, who unluckily still retained sufficient sensibility for the man who had used her so ill ; but we trust nothing earthly could have induced her to act against the dictates of that monitor we have *all*, ready within, to warn us from the danger of indulgence ; though, *it is to be feared*, we do not *always* obey its dictates so scrupulously as we ought. In the present case, the heart and the head of Madame de Vefins told her plainly, it would be sinful to comply ; and neither the shallow artifices, or more serious and well-founded wants of her

her

her Husband, (which must involve her and family) could shake her conscious rectitude. She acquainted her Husband with her suspicions of Adelaide's prior attachment with a person every way worthy of her, as well as her total disapprobation of the gentleman he intended for her, who was *as* totally the reverse, as she could well imagine any one to be. When Monsieur de Vefins was given to understand *who* was the favored lover, he *smiled* contemptuously at the idea of his Daughter's forming an union with the Son of Bouillon. "Their fates," he said, "must remain as far as the poles asunder:" he was in this sincere, for he imagined it impossible that fortune should ever bring about a circumstance in itself so improbable.

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## CHAP. XVIII.

**A**BOUT this time the arrival of the Marquis in that neighbourhood, threw Julia into a state of mind bordering upon despair, and considerably disturbed the usual serenity of Lady Percy, who had, from some unforeseen cause, deferred acquainting him with the true state of her Daughter's mind, and the engagements she had entered into, and now therefore felt the pressing necessity, as well as propriety, of leaving him no longer in ignorance. Although she knew his disposition, the consideration that she was acting right, and that her Brother's will was more arbitrary than just, supported her in the task, which otherwise might have been dreadful.

In the least offensive manner possible, then, Lady Percy disclosed to him the plain fact, and, also in mitigation of her Julia's prepossession, mentioned the great worth, accomplishments, and character of Sir Herbert Montgomery; and what she thought more likely to soften and disarm the severity of *his* resentment; she expatiated on his favor with the *present* Monarch, and the wealth *that* change had secured to him, as his estates had not been confiscated, but returned to their former Lord, on the accession of James to the English throne.

The Marquis shewed no symptoms of surprise, but coldly answered, "Do not imagine that I have been *hitherto* a dupe—it is well—you have given your consent, and so has my thoughtless and hopeful Nephew—remember that *mine* has not been granted, or need you ever expect it, and we shall see whether Julia's hand *can* be disposed of in this kingdom without my  
ratifi-

ratification. Let her prepare, for to-morrow she returns with me."

"I could wish, Sir," said Lady Percy, "that I could say any thing to you tending to heal any wound your self-love may have suffered in the course of this transaction, but your violence renders it impossible. What you can hope from wishing to unite two young people, who have placed their affections elsewhere, and by severing them, when well placed and prudent, I do not know: in so doing, I plainly discover misery to all parties, of your own creating, which will probably be the reward you will taste if you accomplish a scheme chimerical, as well as unworthy your *better sense* and reflection. I hope I know you too well, to *suppose* you will use *force*—I have too much confidence in Julia's firmness and regard for truth, to suppose she will yield without—and much too high an opinion of Roland's delicacy and honor, (though your Son) to believe he will accept of her hand, know-



“as he does, that it is promised to another, whom he has honored with his friendship, and who has received the plighted vows of my Daughter.”

There was something so truly commanding in the offended virtue of Lady Percy, and her Brother found he had so little to say in his own vindication, or by way of argument, to convince her he was right, that finding a judicious reply not within the compass of his abilities, he only made her a very low bow, and withdrew, comforting himself, that if he had the worst of it in reasoning, he was firmly resolved to bring this his favorite project to bear, *coute qui coute*. Perhaps he felt more determined in consequence of the pointed lesson he had received.

Such is poor human nature, when passion, not candid reason, points the way.

Lady Percy found present relief in being alone, to give way to her tears, and consolation

solation in reflecting, that she had discharged *her* duty. She roused all her fortitude to prepare Julia for her departure, by administering her best advice, finding nothing so impossible as preventing her wilful Brother from taking her to Paris.

Julia knew the Marquis too well, and the world too little, to attempt resistance, where it must have been vain; she had besides implicit confidence in the affectionate council of her Mother, and a mind clothed in innocence, not easily to be shaken by accidents or misfortunes, however untoward. She smothered her feelings as well as she was able, and these deserving women lessened each other's sorrows, by their solicitude in appearing to be above their grief.

Knowing it would be impossible to make the Marquis revoke his sentence, Lady Percy contented herself with intreating him, on the morning of his departure, to

give her his word that he would use no violence, or even harsh means upon Julia, to give her hand to Roland. He readily *promised* every thing she desired, willing to get away without further interruption; only assuring her, that he certainly should take very effectual measures to prevent that hateful Englishman from enjoying a happiness that had been refused to a Son of his. As he perceived that Roland's foolish attachment was not *entirely* a secret at the villa, he did every thing he could to prevent discussion, but as firmly resolved not to return without his Niece.

With her earnest intreaties to Julia, wholly to rely upon Divine Providence, and the *certainty* of Almighty support, wanted, Lady Percy poured forth every benediction a fond parent could imagine, on parting with a beloved child, in circumstances so distressing. Julia, at once comforted and agitated by these tender marks of her beloved Mother's affection, *sobbed* her farewell, and their grief, eloquent



quent in tears, spoke, for a moment at least, a language to the heart of *the Marquis*, in which it had not been conversant for years; but the force of long indulgence to his will and habit, soon closed all avenues to the seat where sweet pity is enthroned. He hurried his Neice away with his usual impetuosity and violence, we had almost termed it *brutality*, but we recollected that the scene before him had awakened feelings not quite the accustomed guests of his insensible mind.

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## CHAP. XIX.

N<sup>O</sup> sooner had they ascended the hills which screened the lawn where her Mother's cottage was so beautifully situated, and which afforded shelter to its fragrant and luxuriant vegetation, than Julia cast a mournful glance on what she had left: "Happy scenes," said she aloud, scarcely remembering she was not alone, "have I left you and my beloved parent, left *her* too, perhaps *for ever*, weeping my departure." Her gentle heart then indulged its sorrows in mournful silence, till the Marquis now rather wearied and reproached with her grief, than touched with compassion or remorse, awakened her to sensations far more keen and distressing than

than any she had ever experienced, by informing her that her route did not bend towards Paris. “ Your ungrateful reluctance to an union with Roland, has at length determined me to take a step very foreign to my first intentions ; next to that marriage, I have nothing so much at heart as to see you *united* to the true faith ; to *that* in which you have been brought up, I have many insuperable objections ; of their nature, it is not necessary I should *now* inform you, neither did I wish to subject myself anew to unnecessary and unavailing contradictions, by speaking of them to your Mother ; I shall therefore place you immediately in a Convent, of which a relation of ours is Lady Abbess ; she is well qualified, both by zeal and duty, to give those reasons their full weight, and she will have the assistance also of men, whose lives are devoted to the propagation of our faith, and who will check the heretical opinions which your parents have so early sown. Should you consent to become the Wife of Roland before the



year of your probation is expired, you shall then quit the Convent and live in all the splendor to which your situation will entitle you: the length of your stay in the Convent, you will observe, therefore, is of your own choosing; you have it in your option to live there in religious retirement, or to enjoy all the gaieties of Paris, in which persons of your age and family are usually indulged." Julia for some moments could only reply by her tears; surprise and horror bewildered her imagination for a time; at length, recovering from the effects which this hard and unnatural speech had occasioned, and, perhaps, soothed with the idea that she was suffering for her religion, as well as for her pure affection for Sir Herbert, she shewed that her dear Mother had not sown her precepts in an ungrateful soil, but with submissive resignation, in which dignity and firmness were blended, she said, "I resign myself to the will of Heaven; if I am right in the opinions with which I have been brought up, I shall be supported to bear

bear, and triumph over every art, nay, even force to make me relinquish or change them."

It will easily be supposed that during the remainder of the journey, minutes became hours, and hours days, and yet the way seemed short that was to carry her to the prison allotted to her, for such, at present, she justly considered the Convent mentioned by the Marquis. Her anxiety increased at every step, as the vehicle they were in heavily dragged along the roads, hid, for the present, in the shades of night.

The dawn now breaking through the grey and eastern clouds, awakened the Marquis from those slumbers, which neither the sobs and sighs of his lovely suffering fellow-traveller, nor the stings of his own guilty conscience, could prevent his indulging, so hardened was he grown by ambitious and worldly pursuits. He

attentively surveyed the country around to judge of their situation.

The sun with golden hues tinted the summits of the mountains, which seemed to burst through the night in beautiful but imperfect forms. These, alas! had no charms for Julia, who, till now, had ever been alive to Nature's beauties, and had often with keen delight, watched her varying shades, in those moments when her changes are traced to most advantage.

They stopped to take refreshment in a village which seemed buried in gloomy woods, and enquired the nearest way to the Convent they were in search of: this enquiry renewed all Julia's distress, and the tears flowed fast down her lovely cheek. They took the track which was pointed out to them by the peasants, and gaining an open part in a forest, Julia observed, among the trees at a distance, some dark towers: terror and expectation kept her silent, and her mind but too easily anti-



anticipated the new misfortune which awaited her.

As they approached, the Monastery presented itself more fully to their view: it stood on a lawn overshadowed by high and spreading trees, which diffused a melancholy gloom around. When they rung at the bell, which announced the traveller to the Gothic gates of superstition, the hollow sound thrilled the unhappy Julia to the very heart; she felt sensations of mingled awe and astonishment, while she surveyed the gloominess of the place destined for her future abode. As they walked over the pavement, the sound of their steps echoed, and she trembled as she entered, clinging to the arm of her obdurate conductor through very fear and apprehension.

The Lady Abbess was a most rigid and severe Superior: she received them with a degree of hauteur that gave Julia little to hope. The Marquis desired she might  
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be kept extremely strict (a very unnecessary request) giving as a reason, that she wished to marry an heretic: as he said these words, his bigotted relation *shuddered*, and assured him, with a countenance that renewed Julia's apprehensions, that his commands would be implicitly obeyed.

The Marquis now took a cold and formal leave of his Niece, and just hinting, that the time of her captivity was at her own disposal, he left her absorbed in grief. She sat for some time motionless and almost suffocated; for having, in consideration to her Mother, suppressed her grief as much as possible, at their separation, and afterwards in terror of offending her Uncle, she now felt it with redoubled violence, and her despair in being left in her present forlorn situation, together with the fatigue of body she had endured, quite overpowered her strength. The Lady Abbess, as if to heighten her misery, informed her of its being the Marquis's orders that she should send no letters  
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from those walls, as he himself would acquaint Lady Percy of her destiny. This new mark of tyranny roused her from the melancholy she was in: with a deep and heavy sigh, she anticipated what was to come, when she was somewhat relieved by a flood of tears. As soon as able to articulate, she begged permission to retire, which she obtained, and was conducted to her apartment by a Nun, in whom she discovered (or hoped she did) a countenance and manner that bore strong indications of a tender heart; and the air of compassion with which she took leave of her for the night, seemed to augur some consolation in this gloomy abode. Julia, fatigued as she was, was yet a stranger to rest; her mind still dwelt upon her peculiarly unhappy fate: the idea of her Mother's sufferings, when she should be acquainted with it, contributed greatly to her own wretchedness, and she felt so much agitated and oppressed, that it brought on bodily indisposition, and by the morning she was extremely ill.

When



When Elvira (for that was the lay-sister's name who had attended her for the night) came to enquire how she had rested, she found her just sunk into a disturbed sort of slumber, breathing short, and fetching heavy sighs; in broken accents, alternately imploring her Mother and Montgomery to save her from impending misery. The good creature, struck with her beauty and innocence, gazed on her with a concern which soon created lively compassion for her present alarming situation: she gently took her hand, and found symptoms of a burning fever. Thus disturbed, Julia awoke, and complained of being faint, of a violent pain in her head, of universal weakness and debility. The Lady Abbess was summoned; at sight of her, Julia fell into a swoon, and continued senseless for some moments: the disorder increased with rapidity, she was soon delirious, and in the most imminent danger. Elvira attended and watched over her with the greatest anxiety, and notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances of her  
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introduction, and *her being an heretic*, the Lady Abbess admired her patience and resignation, and waited the crisis of her disorder with a solicitude very unusual to her, when excited by things of this world.

Having an excellent constitution, her youth soon gained her physician great credit in the Monastery, indeed his praises upon this happy occasion, were so much the universal topic of the whole community, that it might lead one to suppose that such a miraculous recovery and escape as they had now witnessed, but few had experienced, whose ill luck had necessarily consigned the care of their health to his abilities and practice: be that as it will, she was now in a state of convalescence, though the debility so dreadful an attack had left, was increased by the anguish of her mind. The Lady Abbess who had never lost sight of her conversion, observing her apparent recovery, thought it high time to commence a task so very pleasing to her superstitious zeal, as well as gratifying

fyng to her vanity. It is hardly necessary to inform our Readers, that the prosecution of it was not very likely to add to those applauses the physician had lately gained; but it seems probable, that had death itself been the immediate consequence to poor Julia, so she had held up her hand in token of accepting the faith she pressed upon her, the Lady Abbess would have blessed the signal, and consigned her relation to the grave with pious satisfaction. But upon Julia, who saw things in a very different light, her lectures and remonstrances had little effect, or if any, they served only to strengthen her in the creed of her infancy. It is possible too, that some arguments used on the occasion by the Lady Abbess, operated very differently from what she intended them, and that when she dwelt with peculiar strength and emphasis upon Julia's singular good fortune, in being separated for ever from an heretic, the novice should at once perceive the fallacy of all her reasons,



sons, and be more than ever attached to what she had been accustomed.

In preaching against the world and its vanities, the good Lady had very little better success, for Julia could never be brought to acknowledge, or believe, that an abode in it was so dangerous, when she reflected, that to live and enjoy *that world*, was to pass her days with her Mother, her Brother, and Sir Herbert.

“The *security and serenity*” which the pious Lady exultingly bade her observe around her, had more the appearance, in her eye, of gloomy discontent; and the extolled composure of the nuns, loss of hope and settled despair: in short, as they were both sincere, there seemed quite as much chance of her converting the Lady Abbess to a wish of again enjoying the vanities of the world, as there was of Julia’s being prevailed upon to give up the hopes of passing her days happily with those she loved. Every thing, therefore,  
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the Abbess could urge, was lost, or thrown away, upon what she termed the stubbornness of Julia's temper, who saw in the Cloister, no other than objects of terror, instead of scenes of pious delight.

Tears of regret for what she had left, were perpetually shed; and the possibility, and even probability, she foresaw, of being added to the number of melancholy prisoners, devoted to linger out their wretched days, under this hated roof, filled her with dismay. More and more fixed, therefore, in the principles of her own simple and excellent religion, she resolved to suffer every persecution, rather than allow them to be shaken.

Her disposition was naturally chearful, fitting her for society in the world, in which, she had heretofore been as happy as she was innocent; no wonder that her resolutions grew stronger by opposition, and that she imagined she foresaw, that perseverance, courage, and constancy, would

would at length free her from her present persecution, and restore her to her beloved Mother, from under whose protection she had never before been withdrawn.

In such a train of thoughts, no one can be surpris'd, that Julia should yield at length to hopes of escape, again to be placed in a situation so proper, as well as enviable. With her spirit, her innocence, and her love, it was more than probable, she would soon attempt every means her invention could furnish her with to effect it. It had more difficulty, however, than she at first imagined, and her resources were tried for a length of time in vain, before she could form, or think of any expedient, likely to give her that liberty she sought.

During this truly irksome and unhappy period, she continued to derive much consolation from the kind attentions of Elvira, who had, at first sight, either from compassion



passion or sympathy, conceived a strong predilection in her favor.

Elvira had the remains of being handsome, but was then more interesting than beautiful: a placid but settled melancholy had visibly taken possession of her features, nor did her sorrows, though concealed, escape the penetration of her young friend, whose feelings, on perceiving the traces of her grief, were awakened to reciprocal affection. Julia had with artless innocence related the short history of her life, and the nun, either willing to unburthen a mind overloaded with calamity, or won to confidence by the frankness and affection of Julia's manner, ventured to disclose the cause of that secret grief to which she was a prey, and recited her story, which we shall, in the second part of our work, give in her own words.

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